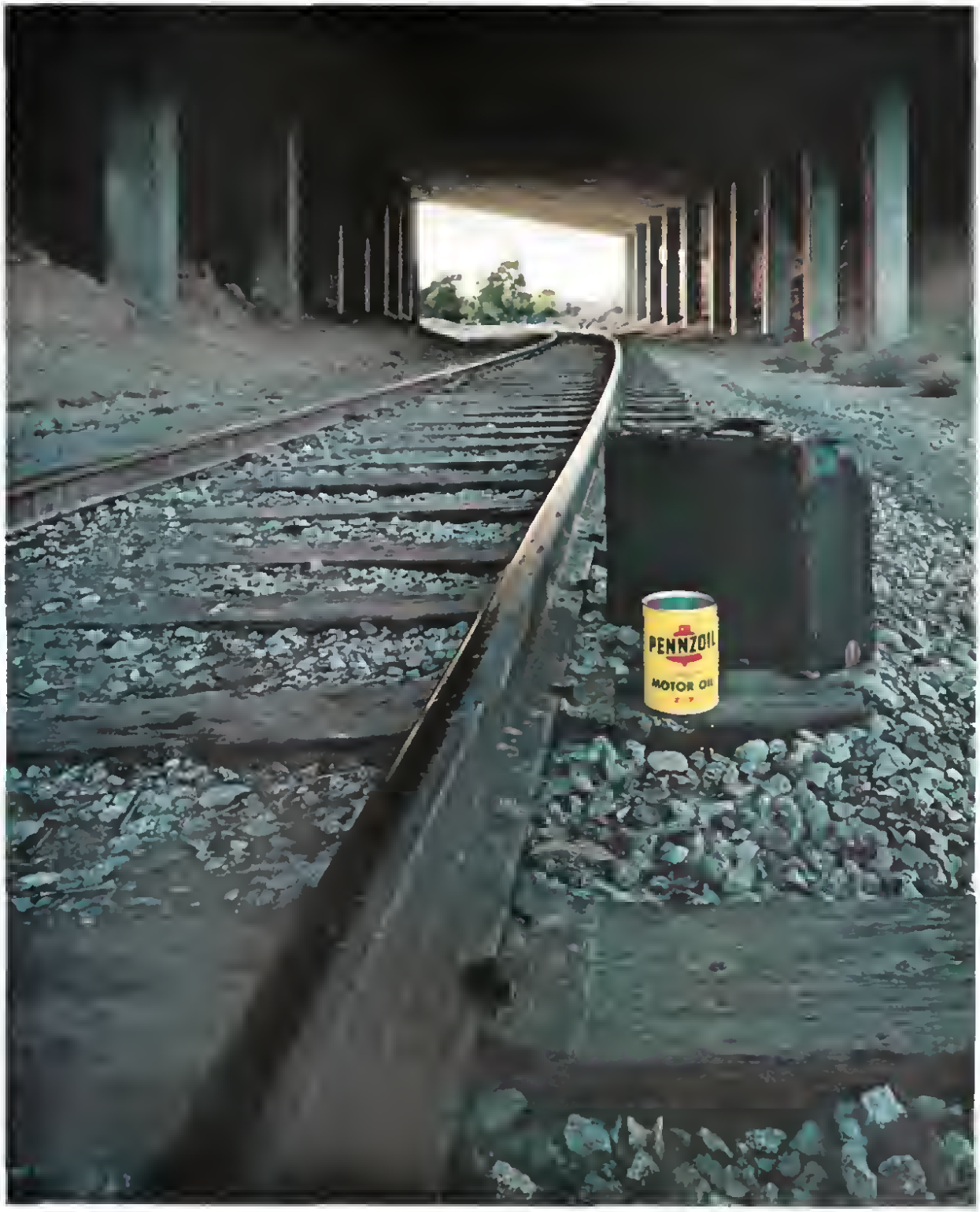
Sports Illustrated

MAY 27, 1968 40 CENTS



THE REDS' BRASH PETE ROSE





the lonely oil

There must be lots of times you drive in and never see Pennzoil. And, certainly nobody talks about us over lunch. What's to keep us from packing our bags and moving out of the picture? You. You don't want a glorious looking car with insides knocking... so you ask for Pennzoil. The pure Pennsylvania motor oil with its own additive Z-7, to keep your engine free of carbons, rust and unsettling noises. Please ask for Pennzoil. Your car deserves it.

America's ask-for motor oil

The last time you saw America, did you only have eyes for each other?



Somehow the Grand Canyon is less grand when your new bride is standing next to it.

And Niagara Falls is less awesome.

No wonder. The most breathtaking sites in America seem to pale a little beside a bride.

Now the years have passed, and your honeymoon has turned out to be the only real trip you've ever taken.

Maybe this would be a good time to do something about that. To go back and see what you didn't see before. Or go somewhere else, someplace new. And discover it together.

America is filled with places to discover together. Places like Cape Cod. And Yellowstone Park. And the Big Sur country.

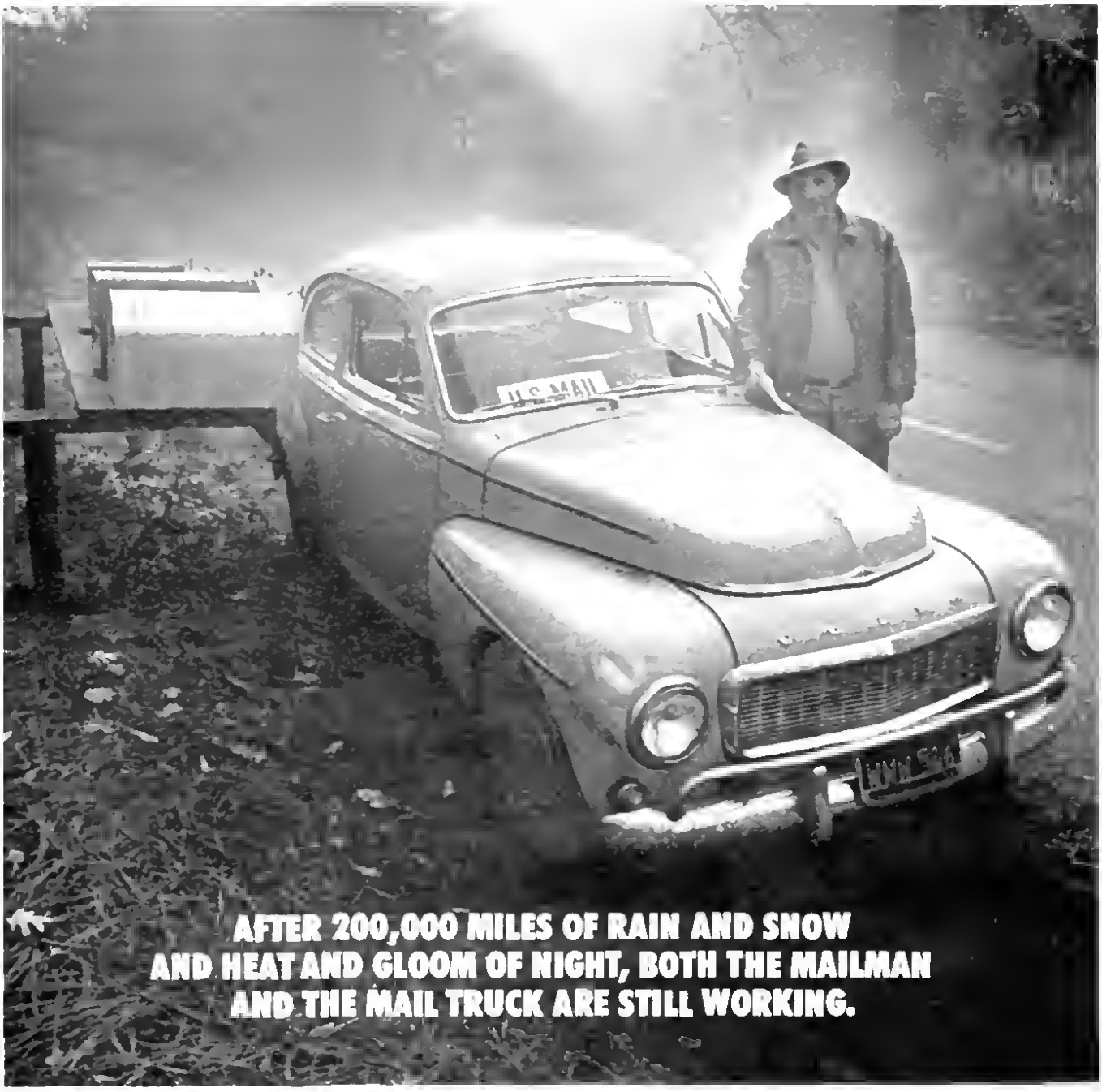
And literally hundreds more.

Your Travel Agent will be glad to help you pick one. And we'll be glad to take you there.

And if it turns into a second honeymoon, and you don't see as much as you wanted...is that so bad?

Fly the American Way

American Airlines



AFTER 200,000 MILES OF RAIN AND SNOW AND HEAT AND GLOOM OF NIGHT, BOTH THE MAILMAN AND THE MAIL TRUCK ARE STILL WORKING.

The mailman is [illegible] old Don Ferrin out of Chico, California.

The mail truck is a six year old Volvo 544 out of Gothenburg, Sweden.

We'd like to claim Don first bought a Volvo because it was tough enough to cope with the adverse conditions mailmen are traditionally expected to face. But we can't. He bought it because it was high enough to cope with the traditional rural mailbox.

Only as time went on did Don come to realize that a Volvo offered as much in length of service as it did in height of car.

To date, Don has driven this Volvo over 200,000 miles, most of them on rough, winding mountain roads.

He manages to average about 15 miles an hour on his route, even with around 100 stops and starts. Yet he still gets 26.5 miles to a gallon.

In the past six years there have been some repairs, naturally. But, as Don puts it [illegible] "keep the to gain main in gro[illegible]"

The only repair on the engine, for example, was a valve job at 144,000 miles. And there has been no work done on the four speed transmission.

As a result, Don Ferrin's Volvo has become a legend in northern California. It just keeps going. And the mail keeps getting through.

Time anybody might dig up an impressive testimonial like this if they looked hard enough. Though in our case you don't have to look much farther to find another one. Just take another look at Don Ferrin.

The car we've been describing is Don's *second* Volvo. His first one (the one he bought because it was high) didn't do quite as well. Having had no experience with Volvos before, Don panicked and prematurely traded it for this one at 145,000 miles.

If you add it all up, Don Ferrin has driven two Volvos 345,000 miles in ten years.

And when asked if he [illegible] tired of driving the same car for [illegible] simply says, "It's sort of like a favorite chair."

Unfortunately, all good things come to an end. And for Don Ferrin's legendary mail truck, the end can't be far away.

No doubt Don will soon find himself looking into a new Volvo, only to find that a number of things have changed.

Volvos aren't quite as high anymore. And they aren't quite as funny looking. And they have a lot of new features that Don's car doesn't have.

But despite all these changes, nothing's really changed. A Volvo is still a Volvo. Which is why we felt compelled to equip the new Volvo with a six digit odometer that goes up to 999,999 before it flips back to zero.

The day of some poor guy seeing a mere "345,000" on the odometer, and unwittingly buying himself a legend, will soon be gone.

VOLVO

Contents

MAY 27, 1968 *Volume 28, No 21*

Cover photograph by Sheedy & Long

18 The Dancer Plot Thickens

Dancer's Image is disqualified in the Preakness as open hearings are planned to solve the Derby drugging case

22 Pro Football Faces a Delay of Game

Unless the NFL owners agree to meet the demands of the players for higher benefits, there may be a strike

The Indy Season Warms Up

24 *Turbine cars qualify fastest for the big auto race*

26 *The color camera focuses on the 500's top drivers*

32 Charlie Hustle's Bargain Offer

Pete Rose of Cincinnati is a moving ballplayer, and what he is moving toward is a $100,000 season with 200 hits

42 The New Life of Bob Goalby

Since his controversial victory at Augusta, the Masters champion is forced to prove he is no fresh discovery

67 Won't Somebody Buy a Yacht?

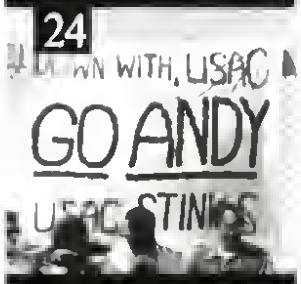
The Coast Guard Academy is trying to sell off some old yachts so it can buy and care for some new ones

72 They Cheer When the Parson Pitches

As a preacher of fitness, goodness, godliness and Wheaties, nobody can top the Rev Richards













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Credits on page 9

Next week

BOOMERANG TRADES are the bane of baseball This year, the come-back-to-haunt-yous are especially rife William Leggett looks into the very best and very worst of them

NEW BELMONT OPENS after a five-year, $30 million refurbishing, and racing's elite and its regulars once again enjoy the sport at one of the most beautiful of U S tracks

BANNED AGAIN from the Olympics, South Africa protested bitterly Tex Maule flew there from the hearing in Lausanne and reports in detail on what he saw and learned

The departments

7 Scorecard
56 People
59 Lacrosse
67 Boating
89 Baseball's Week
90 For the Record
91 19th Hole

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



"It was my 20th Derby," Senior Editor Whitney Tower observed last week, "and at the time it was the smoothest I'd ever covered." Tower's 20th and Churchill Downs' 94th Kentucky Derby, seemingly such a neat package, began to come apart even before the roses started to wilt, and suddenly Whit found himself back in the starting gate. He has been running—and writing—ever since. His story this week begins on page 18.

When Whit closed his account of the Derby he was looking forward to two consecutive days off, the first in some three weeks. The next afternoon he was hit with the news that Dancer's Image had been disqualified, and on the Wednesday after the Derby he and Photographer Jerry Cooke were back in Louisville. Whit recalls that "We spent Thursday talking to the stewards and all concerned and then tried to get to Baltimore to look at the horse; but there was no plane space and we had to go to New York to get to Baltimore. We saw the horse and caught a plane back to New York on Friday morning. I wrote the drug mystery piece [SI, May 20] on Saturday, finishing about 5 Sunday morning. Then there was a brunch at Belmont—another story—before I went back to Kentucky for the hearings and stood around for three days."

The hearings began at 9 a.m. May 13 and lasted until midnight May 15. The press was barred from the room, and for the three days, as Whit reports, "We weren't told one word"—which somehow did not prevent Whit from finding out a few things. "Tuesday the hearings lasted from 9 a.m. until 2:06 a.m. the following morning. We did a lot of standing about in doorways. That was because there was no place to sit. "Finally we screamed and we were given some benches, but when the track's regular patrons appeared they took them over and we were standing again. We ate hundreds of sandwiches wrapped in cellophane and sort of talked about the idea that a pin should be made for all the guys who survived. It was the kind of thing where you couldn't even tell when it might end. I was staying at an airport motel and each day I would check out—I have bills for four different rooms. I got back to New York on Thursday morning, went home to unpack and pack again and then went to Baltimore for the Preakness. Friday morning I got out to the track at dawn. . . . " At this point Whit was asked how he felt. He said he felt tired.

Tower has said, "I didn't come into this field because I was crazy about horses. I came into it because I was crazy about writing." One of these days, when he is rested, we are going to point out to him that this whole episode has provided him with extra writing to do and that he has been very lucky. He has received two awards already this year, one from the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association and one from the Thoroughbred Racing Associations, so he really needed an extraordinary assignment to give him the opportunity to top himself. We will point all that out to him, and then perhaps what we will do is duck.

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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SHOPWALK

If's not enough just to be a black belt, you need a store where you can buy one

By now almost everyone must know that black belts (like belts of other colors) are important status symbols in the practice of karate, judo, aikido and the rest of the Japanese martial arts. What they may not remember is that all these belts are also tangible pieces of athletic equipment that must be manufactured according to certain standards, put on the market and eventually purchased by the user. So if you've achieved black-belt status, where do you buy one?

In the New York area alone there are more than a dozen stores that cater to the martial arts, but the largest, most complete and one of the oldest is Honda Associates, Inc., established 12 years ago, long before the arts themselves got to be so "in."

Each year Paul S. Honda, a 4th degree judo black belt (and no relation to the motorbike Hondas), sends out a catalog that lists over 100 items. Honda is the sole distributor of the Tokaido karate *gi*, a uniform made with 65% polyester and guaranteed to be three times stronger than the 100% cotton *gi*. Mr. Honda, who does 80% of his business by mail, receives orders from as far away as Vietnam and has recently had his registered trademark, Martial Arts World, approved by the U. S. government.

Honda carries a full set of armor for the *kendo* (Japanese fencing) fan, including the official *shinai* (bamboo sword), jiu-jitsu jackets and the *hakama* (protective skirt) for the practitioner of aikido. For the karate *ka*, there is the iron *geta* (for foot training), the *tonfa* (for strengthening the wrists), the *hachimaki* (hand band), embroidered rank belts, rubber knives, weights for wrists and ankles, the Makiwari punching board, punching mats, a kicking bag and even a Japanese towel, presumably for wiping off the sweat. For collectors, Honda even stocks a few bejeweled samurai swords.

For those who believe that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of karate, Honda carries a full line of protective equipment. It frowns on the old-fashioned elastic bandage favored by Joe Namath and other weak-kneed U.S. athletes (it is bad for circulation), substituting instead its own medically approved, snug but softly lined hand, arm, ankle and kneecap protectors.

If sales of equipment are any index, karate is currently the most popular of all martial arts. At Honda, the demand for karate items outnumbers all others. "Judo," says Mr. Honda, "is a better sport, and just as effective, but karate appeals to the American mentality. It's more spectacular."

Request for catalogs should be addressed to Honda Associates, 2 West 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

—JEANNETTE BRUCE





"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

SCORECARD

GIVING IT A COLLEGE TRY

This summer the athletic department of Ohio State University will spend its own money to conduct an unusual experimental program that merits close attention from communities everywhere. Using OSU facilities and coaches, the athletic department is offering to instruct boys and girls between the ages of 7 and 17 in any one of five sports—track, gymnastics, basketball, swimming and wrestling.

"The needy will have the highest priority," Athletic Director Richard Larkins says. "But as of now we think we can take care of whatever number registers [perhaps as many as 6,000], and our football and basketball programs are going to pay for it. We'll use athletic receipts. I'm very excited about the idea, mostly because nobody is forcing us to do it."

The program, which will run from June 24 through August 14, will offer two- or three-hour sessions in each sport five days a week. Assisting the OSU coaches will be approximately 70 teenage instructors, many of them Ohio State students.

Larkins is looking realistically at the hazards of the plan. "I could wake up with a nightmare," he says, "but I don't think so. This is not a program to solve the ills of society. It is not designed specifically for Negroes. It is a program for youth. We'll take a hard look at the program when it's over. But if you start now thinking of reasons not to do something, you'll never get anything done. One thing I do know is that kids who are shooting baskets aren't shooting guns. If we open doors for them they won't be breaking them down."

LEAN TIMES

When some of us were much younger and drank sodas after sandlot baseball games the kids who did not hit, or could not hit, always came in for the most abuse. Remember, "He's got a swing like a rusty gate"? or "The game's no fun if you look at two and only swing at one"? Then there was that other line, "He can't hit his weight." At the end of last week some of baseball's best known names were entering the second month of the season in a state of virtual weightlessness.

PLAYER	AVG.	WT.
Mike Epstein (Wash.)	.084	230
Deron Johnson (Atl.)	125	209
George Scott (Bost.)	173	220
John Roseboro (Minn.)	.168	200
Tommie Agee (Mets)	127	185
Norm Cash (Det.)	167	190
Tom Tresh (Yankees)	.162	188
Bill Mazeroski (Pitts.)	.162	182

SOMETHING SACRED

One of the individual's rare conquests in the spirit vs. the system battle is occurring in Munich where the 1972 Olympic Games complex will be constructed around a church that has been built by hand by an 87-year-old Russian hermit, Father Timofey Prokorov. Fleeing in front of the Russian army, Father Timofey and a companion, who is known as Sister Natasha, arrived in Munich in 1945 and asked city authorities for a loan of a plot of land, no matter how unarable or inaccessible. They were offered a barren 3,500-square-meter plot near a dump of rubble.

Within a few seasons Father Timofey had cherry, apple, apricot and pear trees bearing fruit. His potato patch was excellent, and his sunflowers were doing nicely. Beehives were set among the tulips and lilacs. And gradually buildings began to grow, too: first a small hut, then a tiny chapel crowned with an onion-shaped steeple, then another hut and finally the church itself, which astonished experts now consider a true work of primitive art. Its onion-shaped steeples are fashioned of wire and burlap, the Russian crosses topping them are of lattice wood, and the bells that chime three times a day are iron girders suspended on wire. Inside, the multivaulted ceiling is surfaced with aluminum foil and studded with chandeliers. Numerous decorations give the impression of gay Byzantine wealth.

continued

Stop sunburn pain



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Stop it faster, more completely than with ordinary "first aids"

Never let sunburn ruin an outing! No need to. Solarcaine STOPS sunburn pain. Does more than instantly cool fiery skin—*it takes the pain out of nerves* with surface anesthetic benzocaine. That's why it's more effective than first aid products that contain no real pain-stopper.

Solarcaine helps prevent infection, too. Aids healing. Gets you back into action fast.

Keep Solarcaine handy, summer and winter. It blocks pain of fireside burns, small cuts, scratches, skinned legs, minor insect bites, chafed blistered feet—dozens of skin injuries and irritations that hurt, burn or itch.

Always carry in duffle bag or car—always be ready to stop skin pain. Get Solarcaine!



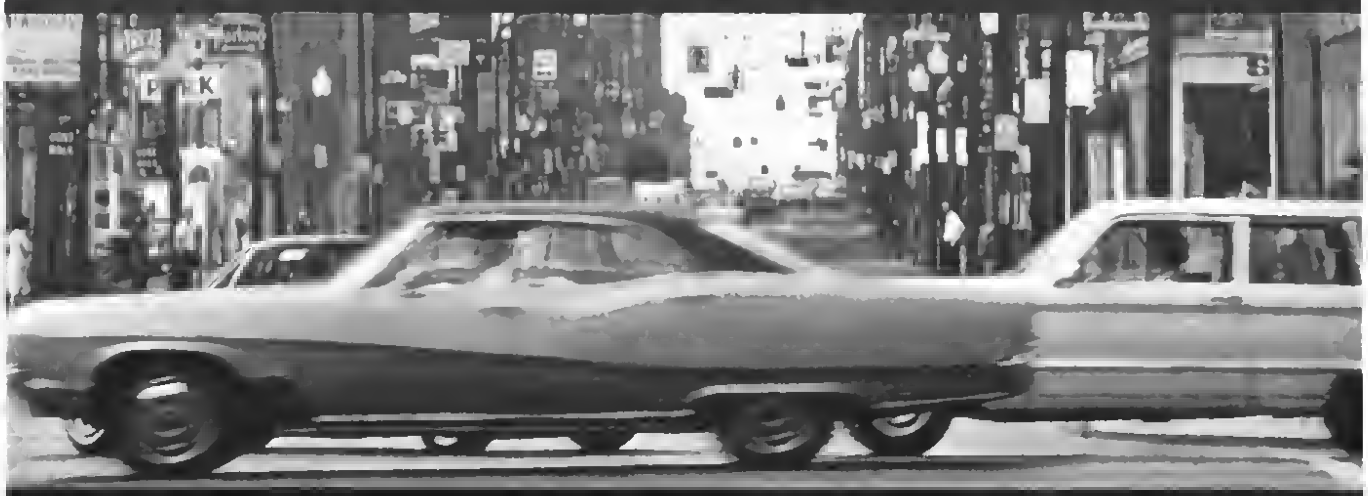
In greaseless Lotion and first aid Cream, and handy Spray. Sore, blistered lips need Solarcaine Lip Balm. Quality products of Plough, Inc.

Heineken tastes tremendous.

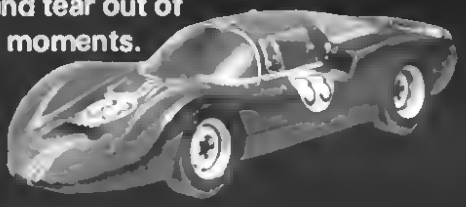


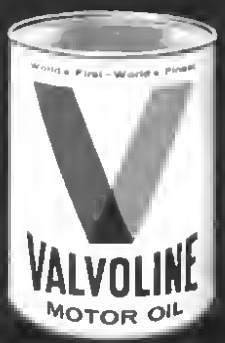
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The Everyday Endurance Run



There are times when normal driving can be tough on your car's engine. With moments of stress equalled only in competitive racing. Moments that cause excessive engine wear. That's why your car needs the full-time extra protection built into Valvoline—the motor oil that's race proved to meet the rigors of everyday driving. Every can of Valvoline contains the power, performance, and protection know-how distilled from millions of miles of racing. Take the wear and tear out of your engine's toughest moments. Ask for Valvoline.





Race proved for your car

VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY. Ashland, Ky. Ashland Division of Ashland Oil & Refining Company

Three months ago city officials ordered that the land be cleared to make way for the Olympic stadiums. But the architect chosen to draw the plans for the complex heard of the hermitage and went to visit Father Timofey. Struck by the sincerity of the man and impressed with the artistic value of the church, he revised the original plans—which would have made the church site a parking lot. The small huts where the two aged people live will be replaced by more comfortable, Russian-style houses. But the chapel and church will remain just as they are and will certainly rank as a major Olympic attraction.

WHO'S NO. 1?

For 15 years the San Dieguito (Calif.) Junior Chamber of Commerce has held



an annual frog-jumping contest. But the good old days when frog owners spent months training their entries are no more. Instead the C of C has to provide a Rent-a-Frog service—50¢ apiece plus a $1 deposit. All you can hope is that your Rent-a-Frog tries harder.

DAILY DOUBLES

Racetrackers are always talking about the improvement of the breed, of their horses, of course, but they are also looking for some good young blood among horseplayers. A number of surveys have shown that the average age of racetrack patrons is over 40. Now Roosevelt Raceway is hoping a new gimmick will change all that. Using Operation Match, a computerized dating service, the raceway is offering to provide compatible dates for its single patrons. The service, which is free, is to be tried for the first time on June 6, Sadie Hawkins Night. Anyone interested in finding a winning combination must fill out a questionnaire, which will be used to help determine socially suitable couples. The two people selected as the "ideal match" will be given a serenaded hayride around the raceway and a free weekend at Grossinger's in the Catskills.

Hopefully, the computer will pick winners better than racetrackers do.

OPEN TO SUGGESTION

Now that open tennis is a reality, you may have wondered what will become of the Davis Cup. Sentiment is apparently growing to make it open, too. The matter will be seriously discussed at the Council of Davis Cup Nations meeting in London on July 4.

Dwight Davis, who donated the trophy for the competition 68 years ago, made no stipulations that it always be an amateur-only affair. "I would prefer the Cup be for amateurs," his son Dwight *Jr. says, "but times have changed and* it is up to the 68 competing nations to decide."

Europeans are predicting an open Davis Cup within two years. Jean Borotra, France's preeminent tennis official, apparently favors the change and there are indications that Australia's Harry Hopman may be having second thoughts about open matches. If professionals are allowed to compete in the Cup, Hopman can pick the Australian team from a field that now includes Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, Roy Emerson, Fred Stolle, Tony Roche and John Newcombe. It is hardly surprising that he finds this list appetizing.

MEASURING UP AND UP

Such strides have been made in track and field that athletes merely seeking to qualify for the Mexico City Olympics must turn in better performances than 15 of 18 gold-medal winners did at the 1948 London Games. Each nation may have one entry, regardless of performance, in track and field events, but if a country wants to be represented by a second or third athlete, he or she must meet certain standards.

Only three of the minimum standards remain the same as they were just four years ago—the javelin throw (252′ 7¾″), the long jump (24′ 11¼″) and the 200 meters (21 seconds). All the others have been made more demanding—the 100 meters is now 10.3 (or 9.4 for 100 yards), the 400 meters, 46.8 (or 47.1 in the 440), the 800 meters, 1:48 (or 1.48.6 in the 880); the 1,500 meters, 3:42 (or a four-minute mile), the 5,000 meters, 13:50, the 10,000 meters, 29:00; the 3,000-meter steeplechase, 8:45; the 110-meter hurdles, 14.1, the 400-meter hurdles, 51.0; (or 51.3 in the 440), the high jump, 6′ 10¼″; the triple jump, 52′ 6″, the pole vault, 15′ 9″, the shotput, 60′ 4¼″, the discus throw, 187′; the hammer throw, 209′ 11″, and the decathlon, 7,200 points. These are the standards required to enter the preliminary round at Mexico City. To qualify for the actual Olympic competition in the field events an athlete must register still better marks.

Among the gold-medal winners at the 1948 Games who would not have qualified under this year's added-entry standards on their performances in London are Mel Patton in the 200 meters (21.1), Malvin Whitfield in the 800 (1:49.2), Henry Eriksson in the 1,500 *(3:49.8), John Winter in* the *high jump* (6′ 6″) and Guinn Smith in the pole vault (14′ 1¼″).

LEARNING THE ROPES

More than a decade ago a group of elementary school students from a Paris suburb was taken to the Alps for a month of skiing, along with their regular teachers. They spent the mornings on the ski slopes and the afternoons in a chalet classroom. The pioneer school was such a success that the idea snowballed, and now each winter more than 10,000 French children study and ski for four weeks in the mountains.

This spring two Paris schools are experimenting with seaside classes on the coast of Brittany. Fifty-three boys, age 12 to 14, most of them children of working-class parents, are learning to sail. The cost to parents is only $5.50 a week with the government paying for the rest of the program. Many of the boys had never seen the sea before, much less a sailboat, and a dozen of them had to learn to swim before qualifying for the trip.

Each boy has a boat, and there is a sailing instructor for every four or five boys. "The boys have never worked as hard or as well in Paris as they do here," one of their teachers remarked. "Their examinations are first-rate now." In addition, to their normal classwork ("Transform the following kilometers

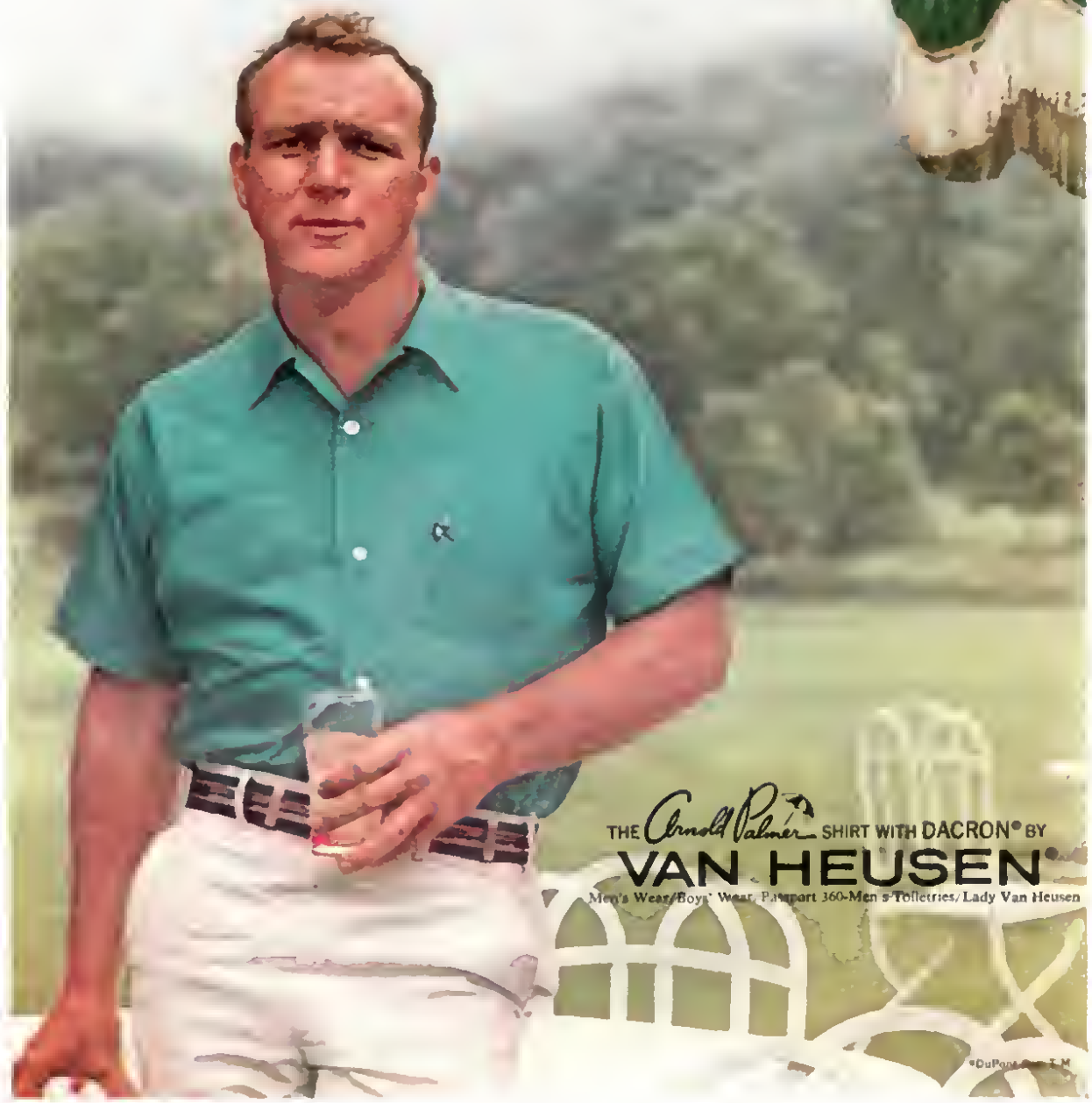
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Whatever the game you play, this is the shirt you slip into afterwards. Not a sport shirt, but an after-sport shirt. Very simple and comfortable. This is the only after-sport shirt Arnold Palmer endorses with his umbrella insignia (right on the pocket).

There's a whole stack of fabrics, styles and colors to choose from. You can't beat this shirt, so join up now. Palmer wants you.

The shirt Arnie's wearing is a permanent press blend of 65% Dacron* polyester and 35% cotton.



You buy Prudential insurance to protect your family. But, when the kids leave the nest, know what you'll have left?

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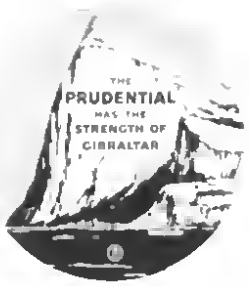
Who wouldn't like to be building a nest egg if he could afford to? But who can afford to when he's got a growing family to protect?

The answer is—you can. You can with the same insurance you use to protect your family: Prudential's 2-Way Protection.

Prudential's 2-Way Protection can make sure your family doesn't lose everything if they lose you. It could guarantee them a check every month to help them keep on living the way you want them to. And, when your family is grown and doesn't need protecting, Prudential's 2-Way Protection switches over and protects you. Through the years it builds a cash reserve that can be used to provide a monthly retirement check you can't outlive.

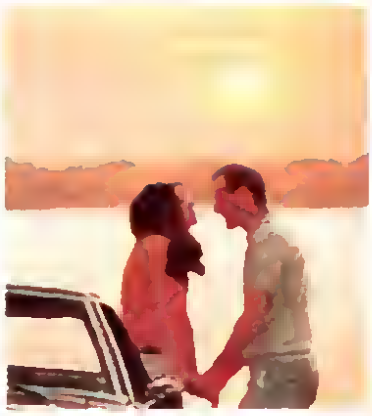
Big question is—can you afford it? You can—as your Prudential man will be happy to show you. When it comes to helping you get "double" protection from every insurance dollar, Prudential understands.

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1968: Columbus discovers it's a Wide Oval World.



The world [illegible] a long way since Columbus discovered it was found Now it's oval Wide Oval

The Wide Oval World of Firestone

From Columbus, O, to Columbus, Ind, to Columbus, Mont, N J and Tex., even in your own hometown wherever you drive—you notice how tires are getting wider, lower

We started it more than a year ago with [illegible] introduced the Super Sports Wide Oval A totally new [illegible]

It's nearly two inches wider than conventional tires It grips better Corners easier Runs cooler Stops 25% quicker It gives your car a look of all-out excitement

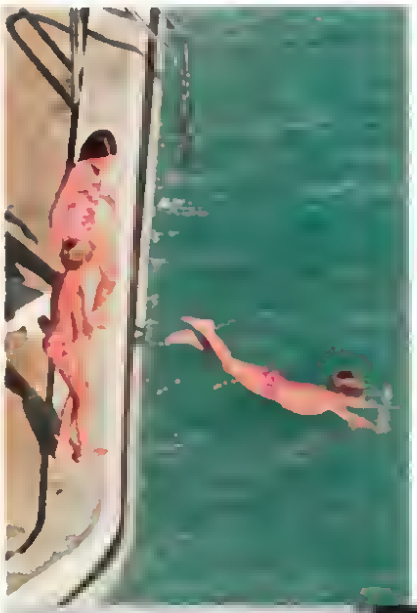
Sure others may look like it, but none perform like it And it's built with Nylon cord for maximum safety and strength [illegible] sustained high speeds One of The Safe Things from Firestone



Yes, the world has come a long way since 1492 Now it's oval Firestone Wide Oval And a whole lot safer for it

Firestone The safe tire

The travel agency with pumps. It's not just another gas station.



You'd be surprised what special services Gulf offers you vacation drivers.

For instance, we have a service called Tourgide® to send you free maps that are clearly marked to show you the best route for your trip. Free information about where to stay and eat. And sightseeing suggestions.

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per hour into knots. . . ."), the students are learning to fish, sew sails, and dry and classify seaweed. Public school sea classes may be the wave of the future.

PROMISCUOUS COLLECTOR

At a convention last winter of the College Sports Information Directors of America, familiarly known as COSIDA, a member got up and asked advice on how to handle a certain request for brochures, game programs and all other material on his teams and coaches. "I don't know why he picked our college," the school publicist added, "but he does say he thinks we're the greatest."

Someone asked: "Is this young fellow from Corvallis, Ore.?"

"Why, yes, how did you know?"

Another member jumped up and said with assurance: "Jim Ligon."

"That's right, but I don't understand," the first speaker said.

"Let's have a show of hands from anyone here who has received a similar request from Jim Ligon," suggested still another publicist. All hands were raised.

Comparing notes, the directors discovered that each of them had received carefully worded requests on yellow, ruled notebook paper in longhand.

Young Jim Ligon, a junior at Corvallis High, admits to his hobby. The son of an English professor at Oregon State, he has in seven years accumulated 2,500 photos and 4,068 programs and brochures, mostly on football and basketball. And although in his letters he tells each school publicity man his team is the greatest, his real loves are Oregon State *and* Oregon.

Now COSIDA is considering creating an annual Jim Ligon Award, to be given to the school that exceeds its postage budget by the biggest margin.

THEY SAID IT

• Sonny Liston, declaring that if he had to do it over again he would never be a boxer: "I'd like being a doctor or a lawyer. The doctor and the lawyer still get paid, no matter what. A doctor can kill you, he still gets paid. A lawyer can let you get put in jail for 20 years, he still gets paid. There's no way those guys can lose."

• O. A. (Bum) Phillips, San Diego Charger assistant coach, on the number of football game films he watches in a season: "If you could lose weight in your eyeballs, I'd drop 30 pounds." **END**



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If you're a father, maybe you understand. We give birth to a ball. Put our best into it. Best thread, best core. Check every detail. X-ray it 6 times. You couldn't ask for a better ball. Or find one. Then what happens? It leaves home, goes out onto the course and turns mean. Outright greedy. It starts grabbing gold medals, silver cups, two bits here, four bits there. And heartless? It outshoots, outdistances every ball on the course. Oh, the things some golfers are saying about our baby!



No wonder they call it The Bandit



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YOU'VE GOT ONE THING GOING FOR YOU THAT THE GREAT JACK KRAMER NEVER HAD AS A WIMBLEDON CHAMPION.



Jack Kramer won both the men's singles and doubles at Wimbledon in 1947. The same year he won the U.S. Outdoor singles and doubles championships. Yet not one of his amateur championships —more than a score all told—was won with the Jack Kramer Autograph Racket.

The reason is simple: he and Wilson hadn't yet gotten together to design it.

But when he did sit down with the Wilson specialists, you can be sure he let them know he wouldn't put his name on anything less than the best.

More top professional and amateur players use the Jack Kramer Autograph than any other. It's the No. 1 tournament racket. The frame withstands the impact of a 112-mph overhead smash, nearly twice the speed of an average player's swing.

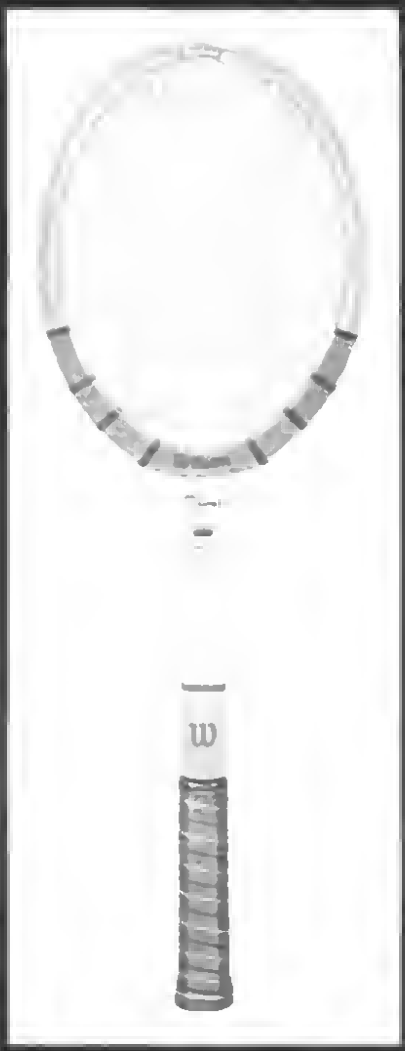
Only the Jack Kramer has the Strata-Bow® frame, crafted of 18 bonded, laminated strips of selected ash and maple. Ash for strength and flexibility. Maple for balance and beauty. A natural beech shoulder overlay is strengthened by Armorply for tremendous strength, accuracy and long life.

Finally, the all-leather grip is specially processed to prevent turning or slipping in the player's hand.

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No wonder Wilson rackets have been the choice of 19 Wimbledon champions during the last 21 years.

THAT'S THE JACK KRAMER AUTOGRAPH RACKET.



Wilson Sporting Goods Co., River Grove, Ill.
A subsidiary of Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc.

If it's accuracy you want, the best way to buy a watch is blindfolded.

All you have to do is listen to it.

If it hums, you'll know you can't buy a more accurate watch.

More precisely, you'll be buying an Accutron® timepiece.

We don't call Accutron a watch because it doesn't have the parts that make a watch tick. We left them out because they also make a watch run fast or slow.

The Accutron timepiece has no balance wheel, no mainspring, no hairspring.

We've replaced all that balance wheel business with a tiny, electronically-powered tuning fork. (That's what does the humming.)

The tuning fork splits a second into 360 equal parts.

There isn't a ticking watch around that's as precise as that. The best a ticking watch can do is divide a second into 5 or 10 parts.



Accutron time is so nearly perfect that we're able to guarantee monthly accuracy to within 60 seconds.*

And many owners say they don't lose that in a year.

When you're out looking for a watch, keep your ears open for the Accutron timepiece.

It's the one that doesn't tick.

ACCUTRON® by BULOVA



It goes hm-m-m-m.

*Authorized Accutron jeweler will adjust timekeeping to this tolerance if necessary. Guarantee is for one year. © Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

THE DANCER PLOT



Behind lockad doors at the stewards' haaring Lou Cavalaris ponders the stranga affair of the Dancar's drugging, which will shortly be amplifiad by chargas that someone alsa addad crushad Butazolidin tablets to tha colt's faad after the Darby Cavalaris was not parmittad to attand tha Praakness. Thara, in the stretch (opposite) Forward Pass (2) took the laad. Dancar's Imaga (3, with shadow roll) than triad to driva batwaan Nodoubla (1) and Martins Jig (8) and was disqualifiad.

For horse racing's classic events 1968 is the year of the foul-up—the general foul-up, the just plain foul, or even foul play. This bizarre road show opened in Louisville two weeks ago when Kentucky Derby "winner" Dancer's Image failed his urine test, was disqualified and set back to last place. Last week, with appropriate fanfare, the show moved to Baltimore, where the Derby's second-place "winner," Forward Pass, a narrow favorite of the highly excited crowd of 40,247, smothered his nine rivals in the 93rd Preakness. It was an event marred by another disqualification that, unfortunately, was imposed on Maryland-bred Dancer's Image, the local idol.

After his jockey, Bobby Ussery, tried to make Dancer's Image play the role of a tank at the eighth pole, he finished third, a head behind the King Ranch's Out of the Way, who crossed the wire six lengths behind Forward Pass. The Pimlico stewards, acting quickly and correctly, put Dancer's Image back to eighth place. As the Baltimore fans tottered home Saturday night everyone wondered



THICKENS

In the Preakness, Dancer's Image was again disqualified, while in Lexington the racing commission planned open hearings on the Derby drug case by WHITNEY TOWER

aloud what on earth was going to happen next, especially in the Belmont Stakes on June 1.

Preakness Week started with the spotlight focused far from Pimlico's backstretch. Instead, it centered on the paneled offices of Louisville's Churchill Downs. There the track's three stewards, Lewis Finley Jr., Leo O'Donnell and John G. Goode, seemed to be doing their best to break the nonspeed deliberation record set at Nurnberg. After 42 hours and 58 minutes—spread over a three-day period—in which they heard 11 witnesses and were exposed to the profound oratory of seven lawyers, the trio reached a decision that takes stewards at most other tracks half an hour or so during the course of their daily morning work. Their verdict, which everyone knew was coming, revealed that Dancer's Image had traces of Butazolidin in his urine after the Derby and that inasmuch as the trainer (Lou Cavalaris) and his assistant (Robert Barnard) are held responsible for a horse in their care, they must receive due punishment. Each got a 30-day suspension, which in this case is tantamount to a slap on the wrist and obviously indicated that the stewards felt neither man was personally involved with, or had any knowledge of, any possible foul play. What apparently had occupied the stewards during the testimony and deliberation was what they reticently described in their official ruling as "other matters . . . deserving of further study, investigation and action. . . ." These "other matters," along with the appeal filed by Owner Peter Fuller's lawyers on behalf of the trainers, will be brought into the open shortly in a new hearing before the Kentucky State Racing Commission. That hearing promises to be a blockbuster.

Prerace talk in Baltimore centered on the first two Derby finishers, and there were some interesting angles. How were the ankles of Dancer's Image holding up and how, in fact, was his training going? The ankles were fine, said Fuller on his return to Churchill Downs 11 days after his short-lived moment of glory, "but the training is crazy. Our exercise boy, Ernie Warme, is working the colt at Pimlico. Our groom, Russell Parchen, is asleep in a chair in the general office of Churchill Downs and Lou Cavalaris is moving around so much—from Baltimore to Canada to Louisville—that he's a physical wreck. For 48 hours he went without any sleep at all."

Considering all this, Dancer's Image was doing just fine. His right front ankle, the one that may give way at any time, was tapped and injected with cortisone early in Preakness Week, but the gray colt worked well at Pimlico and looked even better. His training was temporarily taken over by Bob Casey, Fuller's long-time New Hampshire farm manager. Casey and Fuller talked daily on the phone to Cavalaris, but, said Peter, "It's hardly the same—there is no substitute for Lou's knowing hands working over this horse or his sad brown eyes inspecting him for any minor flaw or a sign that something should be done. Training by remote control is difficult but, from what he was told the day before the Preakness, Lou definitely felt

continued



that Dancer's Image was ready to run and to run a winning race."

There were no such problems for Henry Forrest, who was about to give a leg up to Milo Valenzuela on Calumet Farm's Forward Pass. "I think we'll beat Dancer's Image," Henry said. "We had some bad luck in the Derby and the jock didn't ride the best race." This first open criticism of Milo's ride at Louisville was amplified by Eddie Arcaro, six times a winning Preakness rider and now a member of the CBS television racing crew. "Milo hit this colt after the break, and then he immediately tried to slow him down. Hell, Forward Pass is a horse, not a Rhodes scholar. He must have gotten all confused. But Milo is not going to make the same mistake twice." Most horsemen at Pimlico and a majority of racing writers agreed. "Shucks," said Mack Miller, trainer of Preakness entry Jig Time, "with Kentucky Sherry and Captain's Gig not here to blast out a really fast first mile, Forward Pass should be 1 to 10 to whip this field. He's got the speed to take the lead any time he wants it, and once he gets it — this time I don't see how there'll be any catching him."

At the start of the 93rd Preakness, Valenzuela graciously allowed 88-to-1 shot Martins Jig and 7-to-1 shot Nodouble to take the lead while he dropped Forward Pass into fourth place behind Ringmaster. Dancer's Image, with Bobby Ussery practically standing up to hold him back, was closer than usual in sixth place and saving ground along the inside. Going into the far turn, Milo said later, "Forward Pass was still just galloping, but then I put him on the outside and ask him a little bit." What Valenzuela asked him was to move, and he did. Forward Pass had a three-length margin over fast-closing Out of the Way at the eighth pole and easily increased this to six lengths at the wire. It was a graceful effortless performance, but there was real action going on behind the winner.

In all his races since Ussery began riding him in March, Dancer's Image has shown the agility to take advantage of racing luck in his dramatic dashes from back in the pack to take the lead in the late stretch. Convenient holes opened for him, and his own determination coupled with Ussery's skill got him through each time. Last Saturday was different. Turning for home and still on the inside, but now back in seventh place, Ussery saw no opening and made up his mind that he had to escape to the outside for free running room. But at the exact moment that Ussery put Dancer's Image into a full all-out drive, Nodouble, ridden by Apprentice William McKeever, drifted out and gave Ussery an opening to shoot for. He shot for it and just as he did Nodouble drifted back in. "If that colt had come out and stayed out," said Ussery later, "I would have been through the hole and off and gone. But he came back in again and made it a mighty rough trip for me."

The result of this incident was that Dancer's Image was driving toward a hole that did not exist any longer. Ussery was committed, through no fault of his own. Dancer's Image plowed into a flank of the tiring Martins Jig and nearly turned him sideways as he fought to get through between Martins Jig and Nodouble. Banging away like an unstoppable fullback, Dancer's Image finally burst into the clear — too late. He closed gallantly but was unable to beat Out of the Way, who had come flying up on the outside. "If the original hole had stayed open," said a depressed Ussery after watching the rough stuff played back to Fuller and him on the film patrol, "I think I could have won, and I know I would at least have been a close-up second." (There would have been no fuss about the Dancer's urinalysis this time, it was negative.)

The stewards agreed that the attack by Dancer's Image on Martins Jig was unintentional and let Ussery off with neither fine nor suspension. Not quite so lucky was Apprentice Boy McKeever, who had come to Pimlico with Nodouble via Arkansas's Oaklawn Park. After a creditable ride on the winner of the Arkansas Derby, McKeever thought the 16th pole was the finish and stood straight up in his irons for at least one full stride. He then got down to riding again and finished only two lengths behind Dancer's Image, but was moved up to third place when the Dancer was set back to eighth. The stewards threw a $100 fine at McKeever for his error, to which his only reply was, "Well how should I know where the finish line is? I've never rid here before."

At the winner's ceremonies Calumet Trainer Henry Forrest, deputizing for absent Owner Lucille Markey, insisted that he felt badly about what had happened in Louisville. "We backed into that one, but this one we made on our own. And next comes the Belmont." Loser Fuller watched the film patrol of the



A happy, powerful colt, Forward Pass, shines quietly for Calumet Trainer Henry Forrest after victory

Preakness and felt more inclined to blame his colt's defeat on bad racing luck than on the absence of Lou Cavalaris. "I feel sorry for all the people in Maryland who have supported this colt," he said. "I also feel sorry for the many children who like Dancer's Image. Many of the 2,500 letters and 1,000 telegrams I've received since the Derby are from children. One typical letter said, 'He has such a sad face but he sure can run.' No, I don't feel sorry for myself about this defeat. The Belmont is coming up. Now that Forward Pass has won the Preakness, I look at the Belmont as the heavyweight championship of racing. A mile and a half is like 50 rounds and only the best horse wins."

Possibly before the 50 rounds at the new Belmont Park, where the first Belmont Stakes since 1962 and the 100th overall will be held next week, the full story of what happened to Dancer's Image in Louisville will start to come out. It must come out. Because it involves the Kentucky Derby the affair has attracted worldwide attention. One reaction to it is well expressed by Churchill Downs President Wathen Knebelkamp: "If there's anything good that comes out of this, it is that everyone will see how effectively racing polices itself. For 93 years nobody thought anything or anybody could change the result of the Kentucky Derby. The popular belief was that anything goes. This will hurt Churchill Downs temporarily, but in the long run it will help."

But it also must be said that the Churchill Downs stewards passed the buck on to the state racing commission and left entirely unanswered many questions about the disqualification of Dancer's Image. Possibly as soon as next week, and certainly no later than the week immediately following the Belmont Stakes, the commission will hold an open hearing in Lexington and air all the facts that the stewards concealed for 42 hours and 58 minutes in Louisville. Of primary concern to Peter Fuller, naturally, is the appeal by lawyers Arthur Grafton and Ned Bonnie. If successful, it would mean quick reinstatement for Lou Cavalaris and Robert Barnard so they can get back to training Dancer's Image. But the big question is: Who gave Dancer's Image Butazolidin in the week before the Derby? Expert opinion apparently rules out the possibility that the drug stayed in his system from the previous Sunday, when Dr. Alex Harthill insists he administered the last dose—until Derby Saturday.



Key members of the racing commission are John Bell III (left) and Chairman George Egger

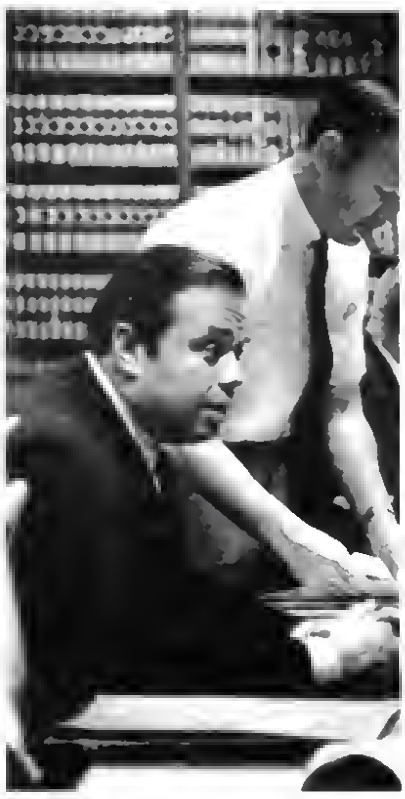
The commission is in for an earful. Already its members have heard the usual racetrack rumors. Now it is going to hear such things as the charge that Butazolidin tablets were hashed into powder with a hammer, rolled into even more granular form with a bottle and sprinkled into a bag of oats put before Dancer's Image two days *after* the Derby. It is going to hear that one member of the Dancer's Image entourage openly accused another of messing around with the colt's feed, and that a third did not speak up because he actually thought the two others were in cahoots. There will be mention of a check for $50,000 deposited in a Louisville bank, and that $37,500 of it was withdrawn in cash a few days before the Derby. The commission will be told that this may have been strictly part of a horse deal, but it will also be told that one of the persons involved knows a good bit about the bag of oats with the sprinklings of powdered "Bute." The commission will be told that as yet there is no indication of a betting coup on the outcome of the Derby, although large bets by some horsemen are reported to have been placed in Miami.

Seldom has a state racing commission been faced with more of a responsibility to expose facts. Fortunately, there may be no better-qualified commission than Kentucky's. It is headed by George E. Egger, and its most distinguished horseman member is John A. Bell III, at whose farm Horse of the Year Damascus was foaled in the spring of 1964. At last week's Preakness, Egger said, "We intend to clear up this matter in the most decisive way possible." The day before the Churchill Downs stewards began their closed hearing they said just about the same thing.

Aside from the disposition of the Dancer's Image case, the commission members have an opportunity to serve the sport in related ways. All racing states are now deeply concerned with the efficacy of many of their rules. The validity of testing methods for certain drugs, Butazolidin among them, has been opened to question. Some states have already increased the number of horses tested in every race and more are likely to do so. Commissions everywhere will be asking themselves if there is any logic in taking away a purse from a "positive" winner and awarding money to three untested horses who finished behind him—as was the case in this year's Kentucky Derby. Under close scrutiny, too, will be the job of the veterinarians. When he saw last week's cover of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, which featured a pill of Butazolidin and the gun with which it is administered, Dr. Harthill exclaimed with heavy sarcasm, "That's just great for racing, isn't it! Just great!"

Bringing the facts to public attention *is* great for racing, and the Kentucky commission must do just that. **END**

PRO FOOTBALL FACES A DELAY OF GAME



Unless NFL club owners can agree with players' group on their demands for increased benefits, there may be an expensive strike **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

As if to match step with the rest of the sporting world, pro football is now promising its own off-field controversy, a strike by all NFL players. If such a thing does happen this summer as a result of demands now being made by the Players' Association, many of the club owners are in a mood to lock the gates, deflate the footballs and look for a less expensive hobby. That was the feeling that emerged from four days of NFL-AFL meetings in Atlanta last week, and the owners' committee did not seem inclined toward a much softer attitude as new meetings with the Players' Association began this week in Manhattan.

Commissioner Pete Rozelle is one of the few who has been talking optimistically. "I feel that our players and owners are too intelligent and think too much of the sport not to be able to work out a solution," says Rozelle, who is supposed to represent both sides in the dispute. "The owners' expressed desire is that they wish to be fair and reasonable, and I'm sure the players view it the same way."

However, for the owners to understand the players these days is like a chicken trying to understand a hard-boiled egg. "It's all changed now," one owner said sadly, as he came out of the final meeting with his peers in Atlanta. "That's very hard for us to accept. In the first meeting we had with the Players' Association representatives a few weeks ago they told us, 'You're not Big Daddy anymore. We're all equal now.'

"The players are thinking only about today. They have no responsibility for carrying on the game," the owner continued. "Here they are, making an average of about $20,000 for playing a game for half a year, and they think people will have sympathy for them. They only have to play for five years to get a pension of more than $400 a month, and they come to meetings and curse our committee. They don't understand the first thing about business practices or return on investment. They have completely erroneous ideas about the financial aspects of the game.

"So do we fear a strike? Yes, it's a definite possibility. But it's impossible to predict. If they do strike, it might be against one team or against one game or against the whole league. The owners are prepared to cancel whatever games are necessary, to have a lockout. Some might be prepared to go into another business. This one is fun, but the risks are high and the return is small."

Players' Association President John Gordy of the Detroit Lions, Attorney Dan Shulman from Chicago and an inner council of player representatives from a number of different clubs are asking for a $15,000 annual minimum salary (it is now $5,000), $500 per player in salary for exhibition games (players now get $10 a day) and an increase in the pension fund from $1.3 million to $5 million.

Essentially this is what the players say the owners average a gross income of $3.5 million per club. They have $1.1 million left after taxes and $800,000 each after all expenses. In 1966, for instance, Green Bay reported a gross income of $3,094,000 exclusive of the playoff and the Super Bowl, which added another $290,000 to their take. The players' argument is that if the third smallest stadium in the league can do it, what about the other guys? "It's like the argument against paying players $500 for an exhibition game," says Gordy. "The owners say it is unreasonable. But then, what is reasonable? Show us in black and white that it isn't reasonable and we'll listen. That's all we ask. A player gets $10 a day in training camp. It figures out to $490 for the seven weeks. In that time you play about five games. That makes it less than a hundred bucks a game. And some games—like the doubleheader at Cleveland—they have 80,000 fans and national television. It is unrealistic to think that a team can't afford a little bigger payroll."

To be sure of backing, Gordy and Shulman have visited a number of NFL cities to explain the situation to players living in the area. There has also been a telephone poll among players



At a recent meeting John Gordy (left), head of the Players' Association, lines up against Cleveland Owner Art Modell (right) and Vince Lombardi

of the various teams seeking sanction for a possible strike.

The situation has been building in the NFL for more than two years. First the Teamsters tried to organize professional football players into a union and failed. Then the Players' Association decided to take a militant role in the cutting up of what appears to be the NFL's annual bonanza (the AFL, whose Players' Association president is Buffalo Quarterback Jack Kemp, has so far kept out of the argument).

NFL owners claim that when the truth is revealed—as they say it will begin to be in the meetings this week—the player demands will be shown to be unrealistic. The demands are based upon a report submitted by an accounting firm hired by the players. The firm was, of course, denied a look at the NFL's ledgers, and so produced an estimate that NFL clubs earn an average of $1.5 million each per year before taxes.

The NFL owners have now hired their own CPA and have opened their books to him. What they will exhibit to the players is the NFL's statement broken down in financial rankings into the top five teams, the bottom five and the middle six. The teams will not be identified by name, but the players will have little trouble guessing identities even if they should have a bit of trouble believing what they read.

Most NFL teams play to capacity crowds, and it is well known that each club gets more than $1 million per year in television revenue from CBS, but expenses are tremendous, the owners contend. A club budget can easily reach $3 million per year. In 1966, for example, the Dallas Cowboys drew the two biggest regular-season money gates in NFL history and made more money on the road than any other team in the league, but Owner Clint Murchison Jr. said his team showed a net profit of less than $350,000. "If we gave in to all the player demands, at least five teams would immediately be put into a losing position," says Cowboy President Tex Schramm.

"Paying a $500 salary for exhibition games is preposterous," says John Mecom Jr., owner of the New Orleans Saints. "If you have 60 players on your roster in the preseason, that's $30,000 right there for one game. For many exhibition games, you don't even get that large a check."

Theodore Kheel, the noted labor-relations counselor, flew to Atlanta last week to confer with the NFL owners. The NFL's Player Relations Committee, which met with the player representatives this week, is composed of Art Modell of Cleveland, Rankin Smith of Atlanta, Wellington Mara of New York and Vince Lombardi of Green Bay. "If you can imagine, say, a player pounding on the table and telling Vince Lombardi what he has to do," says one league official, "then you can imagine how concerned we all are about what might happen."

There is speculation that a strike, if it comes, might hit the annual exhibition doubleheader in Cleveland.

"It would be a terrible day for a great game," Modell says. "But I guess we would have to take a day off." For Modell and the rest of the owners, it could be a very expensive holiday. **END**



Joe Leonard's flying wedge, one of the STP-Lotus turbines, speeds toward the 500 pole position. Leonard started late but learned very fast

'IT'S A WONDERFUL WILD THING'

So said Britain's Graham Hill of the STP-Lotus turbine as he and American Joe Leonard qualified fastest for the Indianapolis 500-mile race. Drivers of traditional piston-engined cars were outclassed

by BOB OTTUM

This is how it will be on Memorial Day when they run off the Indianapolis 500, an event that once was a parade of dinosaurs and now resembles a competitive moon shot: 30 piston cars will come clanging down the straightaway, growling and spitting just as they always have since the days when 75 miles an hour could get you a trophy and a lot of oil on your face. But this time tradition will be on the edge of its seat, because all those cars will be chasing three fast new turbines and that ethereal something known as the future of automobile racing.

The battle lines for the showdown were drawn last weekend in a preview that brought approximately the entire population of the American Midwest into the Indianapolis Motor Speedway and left the place an emotional shambles. When the smoke lifted, there sat Joe Leonard and Graham Hill in a pair of hot-red turbines that had gone better than 171 mph to win the pole and the No. 2 qualifying position. There was Art Pollard safely in the field in a third turbine. There was owner Andy Granatelli in a spasm of joy. And all about them were piston folks with hot-green faces.

Understand now, the process of qualifying for the 500—with only one car on the track at a time—ought to be about as dull as the relay race at the Grange picnic. In fact, in bygone years qualifying was a ceremony attended largely by those who had the time after the hogs were slopped and the cows milked, but these are days of innovation and everybody knew that big things were afoot.

On Saturday morning enough people crowded into the Speedway—some 260,000—to make two Superbowl football crowds and one Kentucky Derby mob. Through a day of smog-free sunshine interrupted by occasional bursts of rain, they sat in patient hysteria, watching the most important part of the 500 starting lineup take shape.

The starting order is 11 rows of three cars each, and it isn't much fun to be stuck in the rear. There were 74 cars at the track gunning for those 33 starting spots on May 30, and in practice leading up to qualifying nine of the cars hit speeds over 167 mph and 12 went over 166. A couple of the piston cars, trailing the rich, pungent smell of nitromethane, were running on the ragged edges of the 170s. The piston establishment had been rocked last year by one turbine, this year there were these three new turbocars to contend with, the survivors of what had started out to be a nine-turbine attack. Two of the jet cars bettered 170 mph in practice.

The people sat down and pulled the rings on their pop-top beer cans, and Driver Bob Hurt rolled out. Hurt bravely wrestled a Lola-Ford around the track and then decided, wisely, to take it back to the garage for a heart transplant. Hill was next in line, slouched into his STP-Lotus turbine, the car all duded up in Day-Glo red and more STP stickers than a rolling gas station, the man wearing his dapper London Rowing Club crash helmet. Hill whooshed through the first turn simply by easing his foot off the brake in easy stages, then stepped on the throttle, and it was up, up and away. The car poured down the main straight going so fast it looked 25 feet long, leaving a red blur in the air and no sound except a faint, rolling sigh of power. It was a 171.887-mph sound. And anyone in the crowd who may have blinked and missed the car as it went past had only to turn his head to see it coming again. When Hill averaged 171.208 for the four laps even the car's designer, Colin Chapman, looked dazed. Chapman had left Indy in grief after Mike Spence crashed one of his turbines in practice and died, but he could not bear to stay away.

Hill relaxed with a can of Coca-Cola and said it had been rather easy, hadn't it? "I'm not really satisfied with the speed," he said. "It sounds churlish, really, but we can actually go a bit faster. Of course, I don't expect to drive quite so wildly for 200 laps in the race. But being in the turbine is like riding a wonderful wild thing out there. One can feel its wheels sort of claw at the track

when one steps on the throttle and it is really quite amazing."

There was still more turbodrama to come, but between the acts, in quick order, some of the leading lights of racing had a run at Hill's speed and missed by a mile. By several miles. By a year, the time it will take them to get turbines of their own.

The closest was a lean, intense New Mexican named Bobby Unser, who drove up in a turbocharged Offenhauser—ah, there remember the Offy?—full of mysterious plumbing and horsepower. He averaged 169.507 mph and won the third front-row spot. Lloyd Ruby wheeled to an average of 167.613 in another turbocharged Offy; Roger McCluskey had 166.976 in a turbocharged Offy, and it was apparent that the piston boys weren't exactly wallowing in speed.

A. J. Foyt, last year's winner and America's compleat race driver, had been struggling through the month with his own turbocharged Ford. For qualifying he switched to a standard Ford. Most drivers run through a couple of practice laps before signaling the officials to put the clocks on them. But Foyt, nearing the end of his first warmup lap, gestured for the green flag. Foyt squeezed up as high as 166.976 on one lap and pulled in with a 166.821 average for eighth spot. It was farther back by seven places than Foyt really wanted to start.

"We had hoped to run about three miles an hour faster," Foyt said. "But we have had engine problems." If Foyt was having engine troubles, Mario Andretti, who had led the field last year with a record 169.779-mph lap and a 168.982-mph qualifying average, was limping through even worse mechanical miseries. One Ford engine collapsed and died in his arms in his first attempt to get into the race. Then in record Gasoline Alley time he uncrated a new one, installed it and came back for more. It was a dandy way to break it in. With about 10 minutes of running time on the engine and the price tags still fluttering, Mario hit 167.691 mph and moved into fourth starting position.

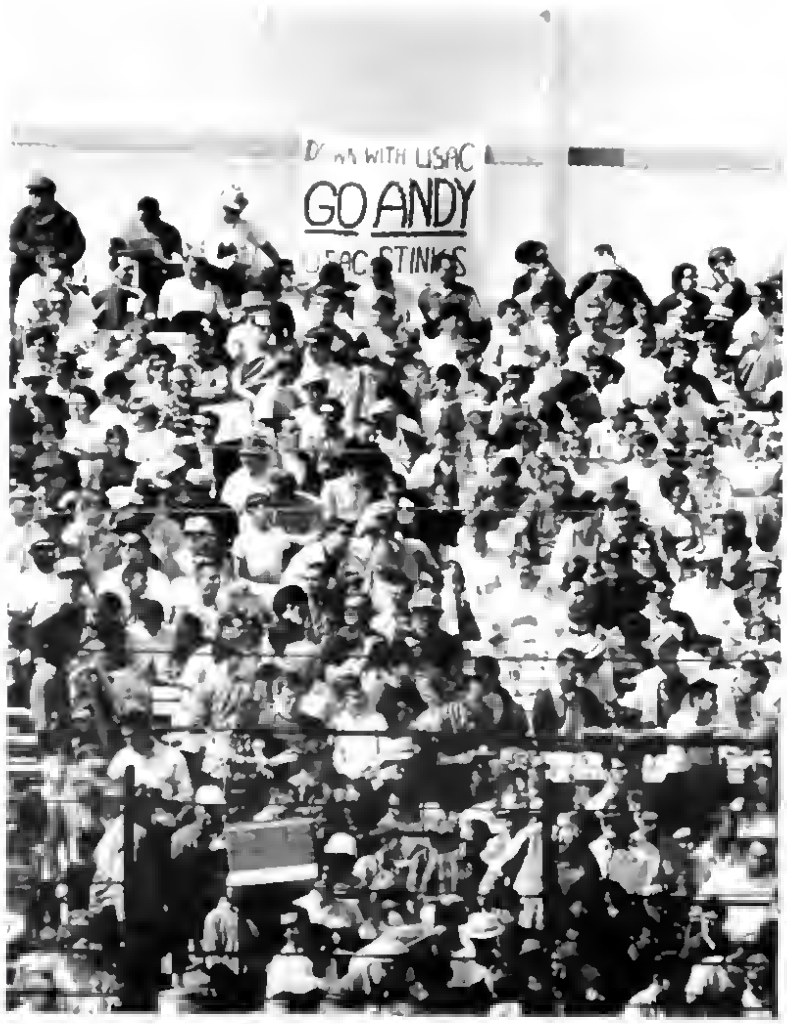
Dan Gurney, a guy whose blue eyes and dimples turn all the girls on, came next. Gurney likes turbines the way J. Edgar Hoover likes Communists. He brought to town an American Eagle from his own California shop, outfitted with a stock block 302" Ford engine—the sort of thing you might find in your Aunt Nellie's Mustang if Aunt Nellie likes to bolt speed things onto it. Gurney had indulged in a few optional extras, such as Gurney-Weslake heads, and there was so much horsepower in the thing that it sat in the garage and trembled a lot.

Before qualifying, Gurney talked about the turbine threat. "I hate the turbines," Gurney said. "Look, it's just as if you introduced a baseball that had some new ingredient in it so that everyone who hit it would sock it over the fence for a home run. You see what I mean? Suddenly the whole game would be changed. Everyone would be hitting homers. It would become dull and nobody would come out to see baseball anymore. The same thing could happen in racing: people love the wonderful sounds and smells of traditional racing.

"If I have to go to turbines to win the race, I'll do it. But I'll tell you one thing, if we do come here with a new turbine, we'll do our very best to hop it up so that it will be better than everyone else's stock turbine. People can talk about turbines being the car of the future. Well, remember, racing is a sport which, like baseball, may not need such trick things to draw large crowds. If you get all turbines in here the people will all go away."

Another beastly thing about turbines, in Gurney's opinion, was that they could race at just about their qualifying speed. That is, with no additives. Historically, the strategy of the piston people has been to qualify with just enough fuel

continued



Partisans in the qualifying crowd support Andy Granatelli while damning the U.S. Auto Club.

for four laps plus generous pourings of tricky oxygen-rich pep potions like nitromethane to make the cars go faster. "After qualifying they back down on the fuel and on gear ratios," Gurney said, "with the result that with full tanks they run roughly five miles an hour slower in the race than their qualifying speed."

Gurney then buckled himself in and raced away to a 166.512-mph average, first spot in the fourth row and close enough to look over McCluskey's and Andretti's shoulders to see the two turbines up front.

And how were the other piston cars doing? Consider Masten Gregory, a Kansas boy home from the road-racing wars in Europe. He stood beside his Ford-powered Cheetah and growled, "It's beautiful. My quickest lap around this whole damned track is exactly the same speed Graham Hill makes through Turn One."

Through the early part of the day craggy, handsome 33-year-old Joe Leonard, who makes Steve McQueen look like a choir boy, sat behind the guarded doors in the STP-Lotus-Granatelli garages and talked softly with Parnelli Jones. Leonard was taking a cram course in a subject entitled How to Drive a Turbine Very Fast on Very Short Notice. Leonard, three times a national motorcycle champion, had been hired by Jones to drive a piston racer, but Jones had graciously released him from his contract to let him drive one of the three turbines for Granatelli.

Leonard had had less than 30 laps in turbines, and on one of them he had slammed Parnelli's old Car 40 into the wall and converted it into a pop-art sculpture for the Speedway Museum. Still, of all the newer Indy drivers, Leonard had shown the most promise. In his first year (1965) he qualified 27th and placed 29th. Last year, though, he qualified fifth and finished third.

The class over, Leonard walked determinedly out to the track, and Bill Dredge, one of Granatelli's public relations men, sat down at his typewriter and began writing. "I'm doing a biography on Leonard," he explained calmly, "because he is going to be sitting in the pole position." Oh, sure. By the time Dredge had stared thoughtfully at the ceiling and typed out "Joseph Paul Leonard," Joe was on the track, running through a hurricane of noise: 260,000 voices in full howl, making his car's lack of rumble and roar seem irrelevant.

Four times he flashed by the main stands and then coasted in with the Speedway's all-time fastest lap—171.953—a record 171.559 average, the pole and the thoughtful look of a convert.

"Going from a piston car to this one," he said, "was like driving a Go Kart to California and then jumping into a Cadillac. I used to run wide open around here, scaring myself to death at 165 miles an hour in those old cars. Now everything's so lovely I honestly think I could run a little faster if I had more practice in the car."

By this time, getting the third turbine into the lineup was almost anticlimactic. A few days earlier Granatelli had been searching high and low for qualified drivers. Now he was up to his hips in them all volunteering to drive the third car. The job finally went to journeyman Art Pollard, who took a few practice spins and then, just before the track was to close for the day, qualified at 166.297 to take the middle spot in the fourth row. That put him beside Gurney, who just might give him a dirty look or two before this thing is over.

On Sunday it was wet and cold, and only one car qualified, the Repco-Brabham of Austria's Jochen Rindt. With one more qualifying weekend to go, 16 cars were in the race: the three turbines, five turbo-Offies, four turbo-Fords, two old-fashioned Indy Fords, Gurney's stockblocker and the Repco. Only one driving notable was still waiting to make the traveling squad—world champion Denny Hulme with an Eagle-Ford.

No matter who qualifies this weekend, on Memorial Day it will be 30 cars chasing three. As the sun set slowly Saturday over Andy Granatelli, he stood at the track musing over the list. Leonard, Hill and, uh, Bobby Unser.

"It's too bad," he said, "about not getting that other turbine into the front row. It kind of spoils the color scheme."

RUGGED NATIVES AND SWINGING GLOBE-TROTTERS BLEND AT INDY

Modes in drivers are changing as fast at the Speedway as fashions in cars. It has been only a few years since A. J. Foyt (opposite) epitomized the Indy hero: the rough-tough American. Now that the race has gone international Foyt, despite his three victories and continuing brilliance, must share his turf with the "sporty-car" crowd, globe-trotting road racers like England's Graham Hill and others on the following pages. Foyt, 33 and a Texan, is the national big-car champion (he has won a record five titles) and the No. 1 U.S. track driver of his time. He itches to be the first man to win four 500s, but this has been a trying Indy season for Foyt. Still, his woes are nothing beside those of New Zealanders Denis Hulme and Bruce McLaren, who had a pair of turbine cars snatched from under them.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE


GOOD

Roger McCluskey, 37, of Arizona. If the lead in one's foot were the only factor, Roger might win all the 500s. Consistently brave but in the past not consistently fast or equipped with the best car, he has finished no higher than 13th in six Indys. Nevertheless he is one of the dozen or so drivers with some chance for victory.





Mario Andretti, 28, of Pennsylvania. Everybody likes the charismatic little Italian-born speedster, who was an instant hero at Indy in his first race. He finished third that year—1965—won the pole the next two years and has twice captured the U.S. title, interrupting Foyt's string. Engine trouble aborted his run in 1966; in 1967 he lost a wheel.



Bruce McLaren, 30, of New Zealand. Quietly smoothly, the shy Kiwi has won some of the world's biggest races (e.g., Le Mans and Sebring in Fords). Bruce took last year's Canadian-American sports-car series in his own McLaren-Chevrolet, has his own McLaren-Fords for the 1968 Grand Prix season and has been a turbine recruit for Indy.



Denis Hulme, 31, of New Zealand. He is the world champion in Grand Prix racing, but Indy knows him better as Rookie of the Year for 1967, when he was fourth. He is racing's bulldog, with the strength and tenacity that pay off at the Speedway. With his fellow countryman and 500 teammate, McLaren, he has become a turbine convert.




BOWES
SEAL FAST


Firestone TIRE
TEMPERATURE CHECK

Lloyd Ruby, 40, of Texas (far left). Call him Old Dependable: in eight 500s he has finished in the top 10 four times, driving with his head as much as his foot. Ruby is easygoing off the track and has sometimes seemed to lack fire on it, but when the mood strikes him at the Speedway he can fire through the traffic with the best.

Jackie Stewart, 28, of Scotland. In his swift rise to fame in Indianapolis and Grand Prix racing, Stewart has been both brilliant and unlucky. Two years ago he was leading the 500 with a mere 23 miles to go when his car failed. This year he lost a potential winner at the last moment when a wrist injury failed to respond well to treatment.

Dan Gurney, 37, of California. America's No. 1 Grand Prix driver is big at Indy both as entrepreneur (with his Eagle cars) and driver. It was a Gurney idea that led to the Lotus-Ford of 1963 and the switch to rear engines in the 500. So notorious is he for tinkering that a friend says, "His mechanics ought to handcuff him."

Graham Hill, 39, of England. One of the decade's finest, most versatile drivers, he was the 1962 world champion and winner of the 1966 500, and his speed in the STP-Lotus turbine has been the talk of the month. In any race the mustached man is a serious threat. He interrupted Indy practice to win the Spanish Grand Prix



CHARLIE HUSTLE GIVES TWELVE DIMES ON THE DOLLAR

Pete Rose runs even when he walks. Cincinnati's colorful outfielder, in fact, is a throwback to the oldtime ballplayer in all respects save one: he expects to earn $100,000 a year soon ***by WILLIAM LEGGETT***

The trouble with Charlie Hustle is that he is forever trying to make plays that cannot possibly succeed under the existing laws of either geometry or gravity or even in the minds of the 499 other major leaguers who play with or against him. On the second day of this season, for instance, Charlie, with only 10 days of spring training behind him, went to war against Billy Williams of the Chicago Cubs and the right-field fence at Crosley Field in Cincinnati. Williams had hit a ball that everyone knew was a home run. Charlie Hustle, however, believed that the ball could be caught, and he jumped as high as he could. The glove slipped off Charlie's hand and the jagged wires on the top of the fence impaled him. When he finally got everything disentangled, the hand looked like an open cherry pie. But that's Charlie for you. He gives 12 dimes on the dollar every time.

Charlie Hustle is Peter Edward Rose of the Cincinnati Reds, and at the end of last week he was leading the major leagues in hits, runs, batting average and uniforms dirtied. He was galloping around the bases and the outfield and making more quick starts and stops than a water bug on LSD. Also, at 26, he was finally starting to get the recognition he has deserved for the past three seasons. The public has come to realize that Rose is a genuine throwback to that time when it was considered a crime to look at a third strike, and *The Sporting News*, not the *Wall Street Journal* was the player's bible.

Pete Rose is the type of person who would run to a funeral and, if he didn't like it, would boo the deceased. When he was asked last week why he still kept a crew cut and had not affected long sideburns as most players are doing this year, his brown eyes seemed to catch fire. He said "Because we have razors and barbers in Cincinnati." There is within him some rare form of self-propulsion that lifts him up to the peaks of imaginary mountains he builds in front of himself. Pete Rose does not want to remain just a mere $57,000 ballplayer for very long. "I want to be the first player who is not a 20-game winner or a big home-run hitter to make $100,000 a year," he says candidly.

The quick start Rose has fashioned for himself this season has put him ahead of schedule as he chases after 200 hits—one of the most respected professional accomplishments in baseball. Twice in five years Rose has gone over 200 hits and last year he might have made it for a third straight time had he not been out of the lineup with injuries for 14 games. In his last three seasons he has hit .312, .313, and .301. With the Reds he has been a regular at four different positions, playing second base, third base, left field and right, all with facility. But it is his hitting that interests



DURING FLIGHT, IRREPRESSIBLE ROSE



PLAYFULLY MUSSES MANAGER BRISTOL

Rose. "There is no doubt," he says, "that because I am a switch hitter I have one of the best offensive advantages that a hitter can have."

Basically those advantages come down to two: 1) the curveball is always breaking in on the switch hitter instead of away from him, and 2) a sidearm pitcher is no problem. The difference between a man who hits .280 and one who hits .300 is relatively small. Based on 500 at bats it comes down to only 10 hits for an entire season or, put more simply, less than one blooper or scratch hit every two weeks. Getting 200 hits is much more difficult than hitting .300. In most cases it means that the player has hit the ball well consistently, has batted in virtually every game and has been fast enough to beat out infield hits and bunts.

The American League has produced only two men in the last dozen seasons who have gotten 200 hits: Bobby Richardson and Tony Oliva. (Carl Yastrzemski had 189 last season.) During the same time 200 hits have been reached 29 times in the National League.

The practicing genius on getting 200 hits is Roberto Clemente of the Pittsburgh Pirates (*see chart page 37*). "It's tougher to reach 200 hits as you get older," says Clemente, now withering away at 33. He has managed 200 hits four times since 1955, three of them in the last four years. "I never realized how great 200 hits was until 1964," he says. "The thing about getting 200 hits is that you have to have a quick body, run good enough and be strong and run all the time. The young body is the main thing, and Rose has a young body. He has a short, smooth, quick swing, and he does not strike out much."

Henry Aaron, the hitting machine dressed in an Atlanta Braves' uniform, has had 200 hits three times in his career and knows the pressures that a hitter must go through to get 200. "It's awful tough nowadays," he says. "Heck, it's awful tough to get two hits a game. Six years ago, maybe. Not now. Rose's speed helps him, and the fact that when he hits left-handed he gets that extra jump to first base. I would say that Pete gets the bat on the ball more regularly than I do. I strike out more than he does. Confidence is the big thing that makes Rose a great hitter. He has a world of confidence in himself. If you didn't know him you'd think he was cocky. Rose believes that there isn't anybody who can get him out. He sets up certain goals for himself each year, and if he doesn't reach them he's awfully disappointed."

Often the men who try for 200 hits come down to the end of the season with pressures felt only by themselves. Lou Brock and Curt Flood of the St. Louis Cardinals, who twice had 200 hits, realize that. The first time that Brock did it, the 200th came in the sixth inning of the final game of the season. Flood got his 200th hit in the 14th inning of the last game of the 1963 season.

Flood, the man currently closest to Rose in hits this season, says, "You have to play virtually every game. You have to have consistency, and you can't afford any 0-for-20 slumps. You need hot hitting streaks."

In the spring of 1963 Pete Rose arrived at the Reds' training camp in Tampa and, seemingly, did not have a chance to make the club. He was on the roster of the Reds No. 1 farm team at San Diego, and that is where everyone except Rose expected him to play. "He came to camp," says Jim Maloney, Cincinnati's best pitcher, "and all we knew was that he had had a great year in Macon and had a reputation for running hard as he could to first base on walks."

The man who had managed Rose in Macon was Dave Bristol, now the colorful manager of the Reds. "The first time I saw Rose," Bristol says, "I kind of sat back and watched him running all the time to everywhere. I asked myself, 'Is he putting me on with all this razzmatazz, or is he real? Is it going to be like this all the time?' Well, it was! He never gave up all year—not once on anything. He hit .330 and led the league in triples and runs scored. We had a catcher at Macon named Larry Himes, and he was having his troubles throwing. Balls would go over the heads of

continued



A FAMILY MAN, Rose likes to swap stories with father Pete and brother Dave in clubhouse, even submits cheerfully to haircut by wife Karolyn Ann. He is holding daughter Fawn Renee



Rose and Tommy Helms around second base or just plain wild and wide and into center field. All the time Himes would be yelling at Rose and Helms, "Pick me up, you gotta pick me up!" One day I came out to the park and Himes was catching batting practice, and there were Rose and Helms on second base. They had a stepladder and Rose was up on the top of it and Helms halfway up, and they were hollering, "Pick us up, Larry, pick us up!"

At that first major league camp Rose was everywhere. One night, as the late Fred Hutchinson, then manager of the Reds, sat at the bar of the Causeway Inn in Tampa, he glanced out through the glass door and who should be looking in but Pete Rose. Hutch laughed and slapped his fist on the bar. "He's everywhere," he said. "I see him awake, I see him asleep and now I see him peeking in har windows. Rose! Pete blankin' Rose."

Hutch and Rose were two of the three people who gave Rose a chance to remain with Cincinnati in that spring of 1963. One afternoon Rose hung around to watch an exhibition game when he could have left the ball park early with others who were not needed that day. Hutchinson noticed Rose and stuck him in as a pinch runner. Rose stayed in the game, it went into extra innings and in the 11th inning Pete came to bat and doubled. In the 14th he doubled again and scored the only run in a 1–0 victory. He was beginning to make himself unavoidably noticeable. When the Reds played the New York Yankees in an exhibition game Whitey Ford and Mickey Mantle stood on the sidelines and watched Rose running around in pre-game practice. Their conversation went something like this. "What's that thing supposed to be?" "One of the funniest things I ever saw." "Who the hell is he?" "Pete who?" "I got a name for that thing," said Ford. "That's Charlie Hustle."

For all of Rose's hustle, those watching the Reds that year were certain that he would be sent down for more seasoning. Earl Lawson of the *Cincinnati Post and Times-Star* took a poll of players, asking them to write down the names of the men they thought would stick with the club. The only person to include Rose was Don Blasingame, the player Rose ultimately replaced at second base when the season opened.

Had Rose been polled, he certainly

continued

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would have written down his own name. Pete Rose is a young man who is very sure of his ability. One night in Tampa, Coach Dick Sisler saw Rose hitchhiking on the road back to the team's hotel. "What were you hitchhiking for?" asked Sisler. "Well," said Rose, "I haven't got a car and you don't expect a major leaguer to walk, do you?" Despite a bad start Rose ended his first season with a .273 average and was named as the National League's Rookie of the Year.

Although Rose has twice reached 200 hits, the first thing people notice about him is that penchant for running, not walking, to first base when he is passed. The other afternoon at New York's Shea Stadium a stopwatch caught Rose running to first on a walk in 3.8 seconds; most of the other walkers took about eight seconds. "Pete Rose," says Gene Mauch, the manager of the Philadelphia Phils, "is the kind of ballplayer every manager likes to manage. He's not afraid to get tired, he's proud of the things he can do well, he's proud of being the game's top hustler and he goes out to try to prove everyday that his reputation is justified."

The idea of running out his walks came to Pete Rose one day at the two-story home in the comfortable, old-fashioned Anderson Ferry section of Cincinnati where his family has lived for 33 years. The immediate stimulus was Enos Slaughter. The real reason may have been Pete's father.

Pete Rose Sr., now 56, was a famous athlete in Cincinnati. Although he played no organized football in high school or college, he was a member of the Cincinnati Bengals in a tough semipro league

continued

200 HITS AND BETTER

Listed below are the 66 major league players of modern times who have had 200 hits in each of two or more seasons. Seven, all in the National League, are still active.

NATIONAL LEAGUE		AMERICAN LEAGUE	
PAUL WANER	8	TY COBB	8
ROGERS HORNSBY	7	LOU GEHRIG	8
STAN MUSIAL	6	CHARLIE GEHRINGER	7
BILL TERRY	6	SAM RICE	6
CHUCK KLEIN	5	AL SIMMONS	6
ROBERTO CLEMENTE	4	GEORGE SISLER	6*
JOE MEDWICK	4	HARRY HEILMANN	4
VADA PINSON	4	JOE JACKSON	4
LLOYD WANER	4	NAP LAJOIE	4
HANK AARON	3	HEINIE MANUSH	4
RICHIE ASHBURN	3	TRIS SPEAKER	4
KIKI CUYLER	3	JOHN TOBIN	4
FRANKIE FRISCH	3	EARLE COMBS	3
BILLY HERMAN	3	DOC CRAMER	3
LEFTY O'DOUL	3	HANK GREENBERG	3
ZACK WHEAT	3	JOHNNY PESKY	3
SKEETER WEBB	2	BABE RUTH	3
LOU BROCK	2	EARL AVERILL	2
JESS BURKETT	2	BEAU BELL	2
TAYLOR DOUTHIT	2	JOE DIMAGGIO	2
WOODY ENGLISH	2	JIMMY FOXX	2
CURT FLOOD	2	GOOSE GOSLIN	2
JOHNNY FREDERICK	2	BABY DOLL JACOBSON	2
BABE HERMAN	2	CHARLEY JAMIESON	2
JIM JOHNSTON	2	HARVEY KUENN	2
WILLIE KEELER	2	DALE MITCHELL	2
FREDDIE LINDSTROM	2	WALLY MOSES	2
EMIL MEUSEL	2	RIP RADCLIFF	2
JO-JO MOORE	2	HAL TROSKY	2
PETE ROSE	2	BOBBY VEACH	2
MILT STOCK	2	MICKEY VERNON	2
PINKEY WHITNEY	2	JOE VOSMIK	2
BILLY WILLIAMS	2		
ROSS YOUNGS	2		

* *Including one 200-hit season for Sisler in the National League*



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and, in fact, at the age of 42 he was still considered the best halfback in the league. Among his other accomplishments he ran the 100-yard dash in 10.5 seconds. At the end of football games, no matter how tired or bruised he was, Pete Rose Sr. always ran up the hill to his house in Anderson Ferry just to show that he could do it. Mr. Rose had a brief, successful boxing career under the name of Pete Sams and was a stablemate to Freddie Miller, once the world featherweight champion.

One day when the two Petes were watching television the youngster saw Slaughter of the Cardinals come to bat against the Reds. "Slaughter drew a walk," says young Pete, "and he ran hard to first base. I decided right then that that was what I was going to do as long as I played ball." When Pete did it in the minor leagues he often heard catcalls from enemy dugouts. "They called me Hot Dog and Hollywood," he says, "but nobody hollers at me in the major leagues."

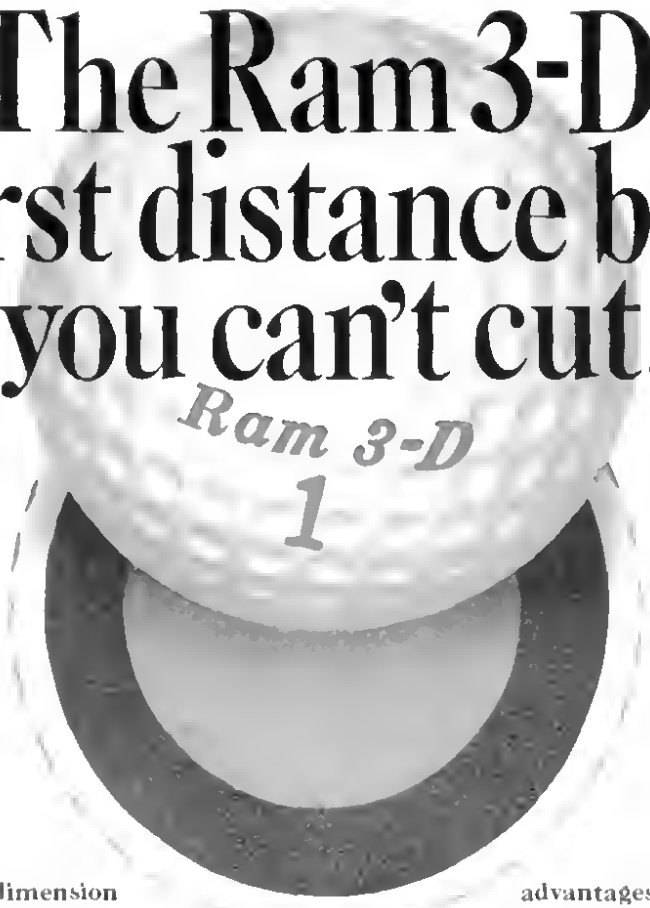
Rose once maintained that "we were so poor when I was a kid that I had a sister who was stamped, 'Made In Japan.'" This was a typical reverse exaggeration. Rose has two sisters and a brother. His father, who has been with the Third Union Trust Company for 38 years, is now an assistant cashier. Pete Sr. met his wife at a ball game. "My wife," he says, "was a pretty good ballplayer, too. I think Pete gets his native baseball ability from her side of the family. His mannerisms are like my wife's older brother's, Buddy Bloebaum, who was a shortstop." It was Buddy Bloebaum, then a Red scout, who signed Rose to a Cincinnati contract.

"When somebody wants to interview me," Rose has said, "I've always got something to say." He does, and if nothing else it is original. When he was told that he was going to be switched to the outfield in 1967 he said, "That's fine. We had to integrate in some way." Before going on a tour of Vietnam this past winter with Joe DiMaggio, Ernie Banks, Lefty Gomez and Bob Fisbel, who is the publicity director of the New York Yankees, Rose, a private in the reserves, explained, "While I'm in Vietnam I'll wear a colonel's insignia. As I understand it, you've got to have a rank just in case you are captured. Otherwise they can accuse you of being a spy."

Before the start of this season Rose

continued

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first held out for a higher salary, then fulfilled part of his reserve obligation. This explains why he had only 10 days of spring training. "I felt awful," he says "and when the start of the season was delayed because of the assassination of Dr Martin Luther King, I came out to the ball park and took extra batting practice for hours. I don't know how many hours, but until it got dark. Then I got off slowly the first day and the next day got my hand hung up on the fence."

Beginning with the season's third game, however Rose went on a 22-game hitting streak in a year that so far has produced comparatively little hitting. His streak was stopped in Philadelphia when he had three line drives caught. Last season Rose put together a 25-game streak, was stopped for one game and then went on another 11-game tear. "The streaks," he said last week "Gotta get some more streaks if I'm going to get those 200."

"The thing about Rose," says Maloney, "is that he's always on the move, always up to something. In my opinion, he and Roberto Clemente and Lou Brock are the three most exciting players in the game. If there were more players around like them it would be a great thing for baseball."

Rose is a hyperactive, all-round athlete. He played football well enough in high school to be offered scholarships. During this past winter he played basketball in four different industrial basketball leagues. "I'm a passer and a rebounder," he says, "but Oscar Robertson and Jerry Lucas don't have too much to worry about. I love basketball, and it helps me to keep in shape, especially since I'm not one of those guys who believes in lifting weights. Back in 1960 at Christmas time I did work loading and unloading boxcars for Railway Express. That was a kind of weight training that helped me. I weighed about 160 when I started. I began to gain weight and kept right on gaining until I reached 195 pounds. That's what I play at now."

Rose is married to the former Karolyn Ann Englehardt and has a 3-year-old daughter named Fawn Renee. He also has a 19-year-old brother, Dave, who has signed with the Reds and, according to Pete's father, "has equal natural ability. At the same age he's able to hit the ball farther than Pete, and he's bigger than his older brother. But he doesn't have the go-go spirit Pete's got. Pete's gung-ho on everything." **END**

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THE NEW LIFE OF BOB GOALBY



In the spotlight since his controversial victory at Augusta, the Masters champion finds himself forced to defend his right to the title while trying to point out that he is no fresh discovery ***by DAN JENKINS***

Until Bob Goalby became golf's leading bookkeeper at the Masters, he was a touring professional whom the world could casually take or let be, one of those hordes of consistently decent players in brown slacks, knit shirt and baseball cap who occasionally win a Motor Rubber Coral Festival Open Classic. He was a guy who really attracted no more attention to himself than the average banana-ball hitter on your nearest public driving range. He was simply hard-working, durable, unpretentious Bob Goalby from Belleville, Ill. Fore, please.

To insiders, however, Goalby did have a few distinctions. He was so opinionated in matters dealing with the game, rules, regulations and PGA bylaws that he bore the underground nickname of "the bulldog," a stand-up guy. As a shotmaker, he also struggled with the best-known hook on the tour. At times Goalby could hit balls that curved like the Gulf of Mexico. Finally, he could get very angry, which normally resulted in talking out loud to himself as he trudged over the fairways. "There goes Goalby," a fellow pro once said, "playing his usual onesome." As a matter of fact, he did play a onesome at this year's L.A. Open. Angered by the slow play of the other two members of his threesome, Goalby moved on ahead and finished the round by himself. Some of his pals say he once threw himself in a water hazard because of a wild hook. Just grabbed himself around the chest and hurled himself in, as Ky Laffoon once held his putter by the neck under a pond and furiously stuttered, "D-drown, y-you d-dirty ." Bob Goalby says he's tenacious, all right, but he never threw anyone in the water, least of all himself, and that, in fact, he is more normal than most of his contemporaries, although it is getting hard to stay that way because of all this Augusta business. For example, almost every day now for more than a month somebody has come up to Goalby and offered seven hundred million dollars for him to play Roberto De Vicenzo down the main street of, oh, Juneau, Alaska for the real Masters championship.

The year 1968 has emerged as the loonies ever in sports. It could already be stamped as the year of the nonwin. Just consider: two world heavyweight champions have been crowned, neither of whom could whip the real champion, Muhammad Ali if they drove tractors into the ring. Jean-Claude Killy won the biggest Olympic ski race after two men were disqualified on a fogbound day when no one could see what happened. Forward Pass won a Kentucky Derby three days after it was run because the announced winner, Dancer's Image, turned out to be a barnyard hippie. And in the midst of all this, Bob Goalby won the Masters because the man who apparently tied with him, Roberto De Vicenzo, approved a scorecard that had more mistakes on it than a map of Italy. It is enough to make you think that there is sure to be another Black Sox scandal in baseball this year and that the Super Bowl will be played at a Supreme Court hearing.

Precisely because Bob Goalby is made up the way he is, which is tough and realistic, he has proved to be a lot less bothered by the Masters debacle than most people might think. Not once has it entered his mind to rip the green blazer from his athletic, 195-pound frame and give a pocket and a sleeve to Roberto. He wouldn't even approve an asterisk by the confused Latin's name in the record book. Goalby played hard and beautifully at Augusta that week, the best golf of his 11-year pro career. Down the stretch on Sunday afternoon, talking to himself as always, he hit clutch long irons that amazed him and he was practically destroyed emotionally before he was even told about De Vicenzo's mistake.

"Of course, I would rather win it another way," he says. "But I feel that I *did* win under the Rules of Golf. I think I played good enough to win. That I earned it. I think I'm the Masters champion."

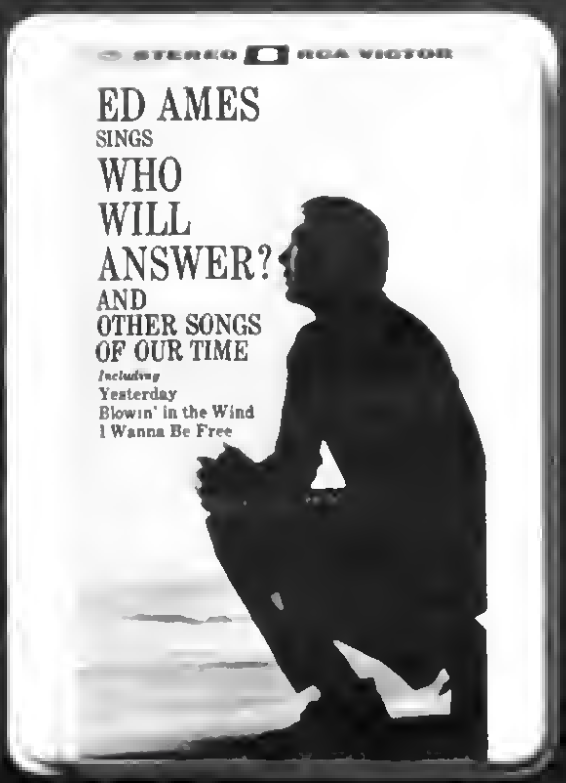
Goalby also says, "Only the golfer knows how well he's really playing. You know when you've got a pattern going, when you've got the rhythm. I felt it early in the week. I was playing really good in practice rounds, four and five under every day. For seven rounds, in fact, including three practice rounds, I was 24 under par, which is pretty good, and I holed every putt because, well, in practice we had a little action going and I had to."

As for the rule that cost Roberto a tie and resulted in various storms of outrage around the country, Goalby is even more brutally realistic. He doesn't believe anything can be changed that would help, other than a quiet place to go over the card at the end of a round. "That's when you can think about what you shot," he says. "Hell, you can't walk off a green, fired up about what you're doing and concentrating on the next hole, and stop to fill in a scorecard. Most of us, I'd guess, write down the scores after about eight holes and then after 17. You're really the only person who knows what you're shooting. I put down the wrong score for Al Balding once and he got disqualified, but he didn't blame me. You're the one who knows whether you've soled your club in a bunker or if a ball has moved on you and you deserve a penalty. And after a round is when you have time to think about your score."

For the benefit of those who have been walking in space or Montana, Goalby won the Masters—his first major championship—when De Vicenzo approved a scorecard that had three mistakes on it after he had shot 65 in the final round to tie Goalby at 277. He approved a 4 instead of a birdie 3 on the 17th hole, a 35 instead of a 34 on the back nine, and a 66 instead of a 65. While it was Roberto's playing companion, Tommy Aaron, who had marked down the wrong numbers accidentally, it was Roberto who hastily okayed the

continued

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card and left the scorer's table. There was no alternative under the rules but to let the score stand.

"All the fuss has come up because I won it on a rule at the end of the round instead of on a rule at the beginning," Goalby says. "Suppose Roberto had been 10 minutes late for tee-off time and had taken a two-stroke penalty, and then we had tied in score. He would have lost because of the two strokes. He would have lost under the rules but no one would have thought it was so bad." Goalby's supposition brings to mind the overlooked fact that once before at the Masters a player lost a chance at the title on a penalty. In 1960 Dow Finsterwald suffered a two-stroke penalty for practice putting on a green during the first round. He eventually finished two strokes behind Arnold Palmer, the winner, but had he not been strapped with the penalty he perhaps would have met Palmer in a playoff.

Nevertheless, this year's Masters sent everyone, including many of the players, out to search for the proper villains in the incident. Who was it, or who were they? Bob Goalby has received more than 100 letters telling him he was. That, of course, is ridiculous. Was it Tommy Aaron? Was it the Masters officials? Was it the crotchety old Scot who wrote the rule? Was it the USGA and the Royal and Ancient who have kept it? Maybe it was Ho Chi Minh. Who was it?

For three weeks afterward, at the Tournament of Champions in Las Vegas, at the Byron Nelson Classic in Dallas, at the Houston International at Champions, the players spoke of little else. Some random samples:

Frank Beard: "The guy you have to feel sorriest for is Goalby. A man gets few chances in his career to win a big one. But to win one and have it tainted like this is terrible. It wasn't as if Roberto didn't know the rules."

Jimmy Demaret: "Twenty-five million people saw Roberto birdie the 17th hole. I think it would hold up in court."

Arnold Palmer: "Every week on the tour somebody makes a scorecard mistake. Somebody gets penalized or disqualified, but you don't hear about it. Tommy probably put down a 4 because it was such a short birdie putt and because he was concentrating on his own game. No matter what you say, it always comes back to Roberto."

Bob Rosburg: "What does the scor-

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ing table have to do with your ability to hit a two-iron out of the woods? Every rule in golf has been bent double by committees all over the tour. All of a sudden they can't bend one."

Dave Marr: "You can make a small case against Tommy for not doing everything he could to help a man trying to win a major championship. But you got to put some blame on the confusion around the scoring table."

Jack Burke: "What makes it seem pretty absurd is that not too many years ago they had to chase guys down at their hotels, at airports, in the lockers and everywhere else to get 'em to correct and sign their cards."

Tommy Aaron: "Naturally, I feel bad that it happened, for Roberto and for Bob, too, but it isn't like I was the first player ever to do it. All of us are constantly correcting our cards after a round. I don't know why I put down a 4 instead of a 3. Keeping score has always been incidental, the last thing you ever thought about. You just assume that a man knows what he shoots and changes a hole if it's wrong."

And so it goes, on and on, but ultimately back to the fact that Roberto lost the Masters on a rule that is as clear as the one that says you can't step on an opponent's ball—and Bob Goalby is a deserving champion.

Actually, what bothers Goalby today more than the shadow hanging over his victory in Georgia is the fact that, suddenly, he is considered a good golfer only because he has captured a big one.

"Do you know what I'm trying to say?" Bob says earnestly. "I mean, I've been around awhile. Now, I know I'm not the greatest or close to it. But I haven't been all that bad. See what I mean?"

Goalby spends a lot of time now asking writers who have "discovered" him to check the record books. Fourteenth on the all-time money list. World record holder of the most consecutive birdies—eight—at St. Petersburg back in 1961. Winner of tournaments on all types of courses—in California, Colorado, Florida, North Carolina, Connecticut. A man who undoubtedly has played in about as many tournaments as anybody on the tour. "Until five years ago I was single and didn't have anything else to do. I played every week," he says. "See, I'm not really bragging, understand? I mean, all I want

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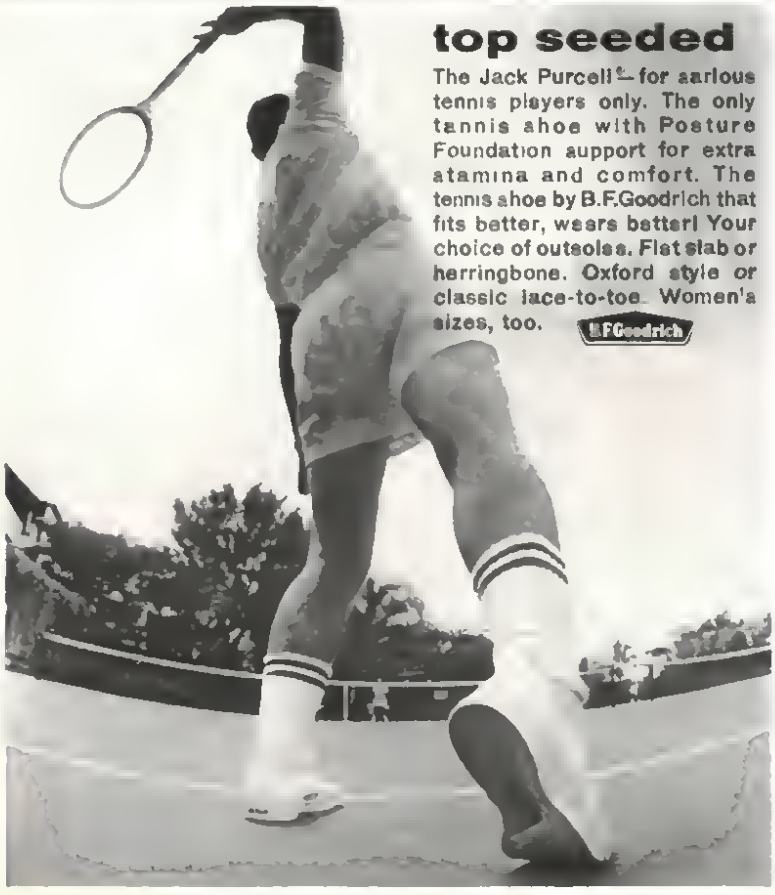
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to do is make a living out here. I'm pretty much of a loner, you know. I sometimes like to eat alone and just think about my game. I've worked hard. I guess I used to practice more than anybody since Hogan. See, I've been close to winning a major championship before, but nobody remembers. See, I've been a good player but not great. Everybody thinks Dave Marr's a great player because he won the PGA a couple of years ago. I'm not knockin' Dave. It's circumstances. Now I'm a great player, I suppose, because of the Masters. Well, there haven't been very many great players, but there are a lot of good ones. See what I mean?"

Goalby has always been respected as a solid player and fierce competitor, if slightly temperamental. Goalby does, as he pleads, have a pretty good record in major championships. He was second in the U.S. Open at Oakland Hills in 1961 and came within a closing birdie of tying Gene Littler. At the 1962 PGA at Aronimink he outshot Gary Player 67 to 70 in the final round, but Gary, scrambling for his pars, nicked him by a stroke. Only last year, while winning more than $77,000, he played in two of the most important tournaments in the world like a man on the verge of winning one. He was sixth in the U.S. Open and seventh in the PGA. The reason he had been sort of forgotten before this year's Masters is that he had won only one tournament since 1962, the 1967 San Diego Open, and because he had never in his life finished in the top 24 at Augusta.

He was right out there all along, however. He was winning money, not only from the sponsors but in the practice games that he used to enjoy and learn from with the likes of Doug Ford, Art Wall and Jerry Barber. "We used to bet it up pretty good because it kept you sharp and trying," Goalby says. "With something at stake, you tend to remember the lessons of your practice round better."

Goalby was an admirer of Doug Ford, of his approach to the game, of Ford's realism. "There are swingers and there are scorers," Bob says. "Doug taught me that the scoreboard was what mattered. Get it in the hole. Grip it any way that's best for you. Go at it with whatever swing is right, but get it in the hole. And he didn't let things bother him unnecessarily. He played again next week."

continued

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It was easier for Goalby to admire this than to do it. The temper was always a problem, and he had a square-blade swing that made him hook, often at a clumsy time. Although he still lectures himself out there inside the gallery ropes, he believes that he's curbed the temper. And he likes to give the old pro, Johnny Revolta, some credit for curing the hook.

A good judge of swings, Jack Burke can best describe the change in Goalby's technique. "He's got that left arm straight and firm and the blade open and the ball sitting out there where it's supposed to be," says Burke. "He used to come into it with a square blade, and if his body didn't turn just right he'd give it a Palmer hook, only worse."

The hook, the hook. That's all Goalby could think about as he came down the pressure tunnel of Augusta's last few holes, knowing he was thick in contention for the Masters. He hit a lot of good shots, but there were two gems that won the tournament along with Roberto's pencil.

At the par-5 15th hole he was faced with a three-iron second that would have to carry the water guarding the green and yet stay near the front for a good putt at an eagle. Just anywhere on the green wouldn't do, for you can three-putt easily at Augusta. Goalby knew he had to have at least a birdie there. "In a situation like that, when you're in contention, you ask yourself if you've got any guts," Bob says. "All you want to do is make a good pass at it and give yourself a chance for the shot to work out." Goalby swung smoothly, and you knew he liked it the instant he followed through and stood there, bareheaded, leaning a little, letting the shaft gently slide down through his fingers. The ball ate up the flag and snuggled in about eight feet away, and he jammed it in the hole at the same instant (on your CBS split screen, folks) as De Vicenzo made that 3 on the 17th.

But Goalby made a better shot—the best of his career—at the 18th hole. He had committed the sin of bogeying the 17th and then giving up on the tee shot at 18. He needed to make a par 4 to tie Roberto, but he had tried to block out any chance of a hook off the tee and had sliced into a tree to the right of the fairway, the ball bounding barely back into play about 230 yards from the big, uphill green and in a spot where Goal-

continued

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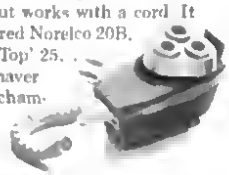
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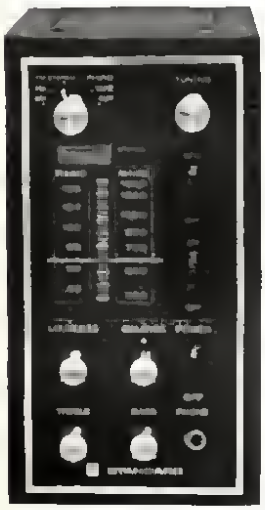
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by, the hooker in so many moments of desperatioo before, needed a fade of at least 15 yards. And he had a hook lie.

So there he was. Hook lie. Fade shot. A cannon away. And his best chance ever for a major title. What exactly was he saying to himself then?

"I was mad at myself," he says. "All golfers get mad. And sometimes you play better when you're mad or at least fired up. I'm one of those. Yeah, I was talking to myself. I was saying, 'You no good gutless wonder, what are you gonna do now? Are you gonna just go ahead and hook it? Are you gonna kick it away?' Then I said, 'Just give yourself a chance. Just hit the shot you know how to hit. Just have some guts and swing at it right.' "

In all of that pressure Goalby faded his two-iron perfectly from that hook lie and put it on the green 30 feet from the hole. He two-putted for his par and thought he had tied for the Masters. And he was fairly proud of himself. He should have been. It was a remarkable shot. Not a hole-out, not a lucky putt traveling over bumps and cleat marks and being drawn into the cup by the fates, and not a fortunate bounce over a bunker or across a lake. It was a golf shot. A golf shot that did what it was supposed to do, struck by a pro under the most unbearable of circumstances. This was the stroke that really won the tournament.

The people who have been aching to see Goalby and De Vicenzo play a round of golf together since then, some of whom have been promoters talking about fantastic guarantees for a television show, have probably forgotten that the two men were paired together at Augusta on Saturday in the third round. They played head to head, keeping each other's score correctly—yes, they did. And there were a few spectators around the scorer's table that day who probably witnessed something and thought nothing of it. When Bob Goalby sat down to attest his card he mopped his forehead, picked up a pencil and glanced at the score on the 1st hole, taking his time. Before Goalby got to the 2nd hole Roberto had signed his card and disappeared. Just for the slightest, most inconsequential, fleeting instant of time, it made Bob Goalby think that the carefree Latin had been a trifle too carefree.

But it was not an incident that the Masters champion ever ever—ever—thought he would remember. **END**



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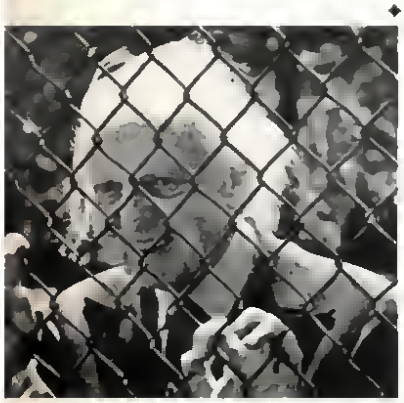
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PEOPLE

♦ Looking rather like an elderly Tiny Tim, Conductor **Leopold Stokowski**, 86, threw out the first ball to begin a softball game between his American Symphony Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic, after which he retired behind the backstop in New York's Central Park. The maestro usually shows up for softball in the spring next year somebody has *got* to tell him not to stick his fingers through the netting

On location in Eckley, Pa. for the filming of *The Molly Maguires*, Actor **Richard Harris** was practicing for the picture's Gaelic football game when his nose was broken—for the eighth time. A breakdown of the breaks works out to four "punch-ups," or brawls, two automobile accidents and one doctor's rebreak, an attempt to straighten the thing out. Harris was observed at work the next day, with Samantha Eggar and Sean Connery, and, unaccountably, Harris was the man who was smiling

Philadelphia Sportswriter **George Kiseda** is in the habit of going to Franklin Field for leisurely solitary jogs, perhaps because 60,546 empty seats give a man a sense of the glory that might have been But the other day when Kiseda arrived for his





workout he found he had company. Baltimore Colt Halfback **Timmy Brown** and **Diana Ross** of the Supremes were jogging on the track and then varying their exercise by running up the stadium steps and doing headstands and calisthenics Kiseda suggested that Miss Ross might do wonders for women's track if, for instance, she trained for the Olympics. "I used to run in high school," she said. "I won every race I ever ran," whereupon Kiseda suggested a friendly little race There followed an all-out 50-yard dash in which Miss Ross performed supremely, beating Kiseda by a comfortable margin. Miss Ross already has more than one gold record Perhaps she should think about a gold medal.

Paul W. Eggers of Wichita Falls, Texas was a member of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's 1966 Silver Anniversary All-America team, and apparently he is in as good shape now as he was when he won his letter in 1941. Eggers recently trounced his two opponents in the Texas Republican Governor's primary, and a few days later, still flushed with victory, he issued an open challenge to a handball match at a Junior Chamber of Commerce luncheon in Amarillo One Wes Simpson, 32 to Eggers' 49, took him up on it and was beaten 21-2, 21-1 Eggers carries his handball equipment with him wherever he goes during a campaign and plays at least once or twice a week "I plan to keep in shape until the day I die," he says firmly, and obviously he does not mean that to be any time soon

● "Who taught him to walk?" asked one of *Playboy*'s editors suspiciously upon learning that his boss, **Hugh Hefner**, 42, has taken to getting out of bed. For years Hefner has edited his magazine and directed his business enterprises from the great, revolving circular bed in his Chicago mansion Recently, however, he rose to examine what he has wrought. What he has wrought is a multimillion-dollar bunny hutch and sports resort covering 960 acres in Lake Geneva, Wis. and comprising a 300-room Playboy Club hotel, a golf course, a boating lake, a hill for skiing and, uh, bridle paths—for horseback riding Carried away by the splendors of this creation and perhaps concerned that he had not been living up to his own image, he promptly went to work on a new Hefner to go with Playboy's playground He ordered $10,000 worth of clothes to augment his pajamas. He took up Ping-Pong, billiards and horseback riding He tried sit-ups and push-ups He also began to eat regularly and gained 40 pounds. Before he ordered his new clothes, one hopes

Some years ago New York Giants Guard **Pete Case** took the Red Cross lifesaving courses, a circumstance for which a fellow named Ray Lowry feels considerable gratitude. Lowry was fishing with his family on Lake Lanier, north of Atlanta, when his 5-year-old son tumbled overboard. Lowry went over after him and, though he is a strong swimmer, waves and wind swept the boat away Case, fishing nearby, heard Mrs. Lowry's screams and moved in and overboard He reached the boy first and then got to Lowry, who " was blue His eyes were rolled back, and I thought it might be too late," Case said later Lowry agreed that it very nearly had been too late. "If Pete had not been there," he said, "there is no question in my mind we would have drowned "

Among those whom **Jim Ryun** has consistently outrun have been a great many young ladies. For four years now they have pursued him in person, by telephone and by mail Hopeful girls he has never met have made long-distance calls asking for dates, and last summer a determined young woman invaded his apartment Clearly, what Ryun needs for protection is a wife, and last week it was announced that he has found one He plans to be married in January to Miss Anne Carol Snider, who is, of all things, a Kansas State cheerleader.

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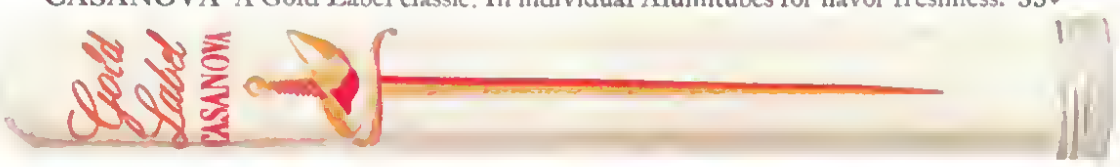
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HOPKINS' DASHING ATTACKMAN, JOE COWAN, BURSTS PAST A MARYLAND DEFENDER

This campus struggle is resolved with sticks

When two testy archrivals, Johns Hopkins and Maryland, brawl for the national lacrosse championship strategy fails, offense prevails and one of the best games in years brings the title home to Homewood

There may be an excuse for the students of the Johns Hopkins University this week if they get a little riotous True, winning the national championship in lacrosse will never rank up there with the heart transplants they probably will crank out on a Hopkins hospital assembly line someday, nor will beating Maryland call for any university-wide celebration of a V-M day on the green, rolling campus in north Baltimore But it ought to call for Sprite all around at the Levering Hall snack bar and some kind of concession on the part of the school administration and the Baltimore City Police Department over the issue that has the campus in mini-ferment should a vendor be allowed to sell ice-cream bars on school property? The administration, conservative by nature, has ruled no, and the police department reportedly has informed student organizers of ERGHM (Equal Rights for Good Humor Men) that a demonstration would be met "with all necessary force."

The reason for any possible display of unbridled enthusiasm at Hopkins is that this is the one school where lacrosse is *the* game It is what football is in Texas and bathing in Japan, and though Hopkins has a reputation for being full of scholar types—budding doctors, philosophers, lawyers and the like—the fervor of the standing-room-only crowd of 12,000 that ringed Homewood Field last Saturday matched that of an Ohio State home game In fact, while Hopkins was dramatically winning its championship from Maryland 10–8, the Hopkins crowd was going out of its shaggy-haired head, and afterward everybody went off to savor the game for long hours over a frosty glass and discuss the heroes of the day

There were three, the first of them Joe Cowan, the splendid Hopkins attackman who scored three goals, set up two more and was not going to really enjoy the postgame celebration, because he was, as he said, "dead " He looked it, too After playing the full 60 minutes, Cowan was covered with dirt and grass stains, and his knees were cut and bleeding Then there was Downy McCarty, Cowan's linemate, who had one of his biggest days—five goals, one assist but did not look quite so battered as Cowan because he was not the country's leading scorer and therefore was not getting thumped blue by Maryland's

continued

Denise Kodner of Highland Park, Illinois is an ardent dog fancier and winner of many Best in Show awards.



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best defenders. Cowan is, and national reputations earn nation-sized bruises. Finally there was Norm Vander Schuyt, the Maryland goalie, who should have been wearing a flak suit under his baggy sweat shirt to help protect him from the Hopkins gunners. He faced an endless stream of shots—62 in all—and, had it not been for his spectacular play, Hopkins would have wrapped up the game early and won by the kind of decisive margin that has typified most of its victories this season.

As it was, however, the game will go down as one of the most stirring in the Maryland-Hopkins series, which dates back to 1895. Considering the stakes, the heat of the rivalry and what had happened last year, anything less would have been a letdown.

"The Maryland-Hopkins rivalry," says John D. Howard, an assistant professor of English at Maryland and coach of the Terrapin team, "is like no other. It is not a phony rivalry like Army-Navy, where they stand and wave hats at each other. No, sir, it's hate." Call it what you will, what it comes down to is that any Hopkins man knows in his heart that Maryland is a place for beer-drinking slobs, and any Maryland man knows to the soles of his loafers that Hopkins is all whiskey-sipping snobs—rye whiskey, if you please. The only chance the two sides have to express their feelings is in their annual lacrosse tête-à-tête.

The feelings have rarely reached the proportions they did in the past year, especially on Hopkins' side. Last May, in one of its finest efforts, Hopkins upset Navy in the next to last game of the season. The victory broke the Middies' 33-game winning streak and supposedly their iron grip on the national championship. Then Hopkins, needing only a win over Maryland to secure its first unshared title since 1957, went to College Park and lost 9-5, leaving a three-way tie for the championship.

As this season developed, Navy sank out of the picture when Maryland beat the Middies 5-3 in a game marked by egg throwing by the College Park crowd. Later Hopkins applied the crusher to Navy 11-3, and for the first time in 11 years the Maryland-Hopkins rivalry had the added stimulation of an undisputed national title for the winner.

Many of the players who had helped defeat Hopkins last May were back this season for Maryland, yet the Terps had not managed their 9-0-1 record with ease. Instead, most of them had found it painful, for in two months the team had put together an injury list of pro football dimensions. One Terp had cracked a collarbone and another had his shoulder ripped from its socket in practice. Two more had suffered severe ankle injuries, another had torn ligaments in his knee and still another had caught a stick in his mouth, waking up to find stitches where his six front teeth used to be. To listen to Maryland rooters, the team has might as well turn into the emergency

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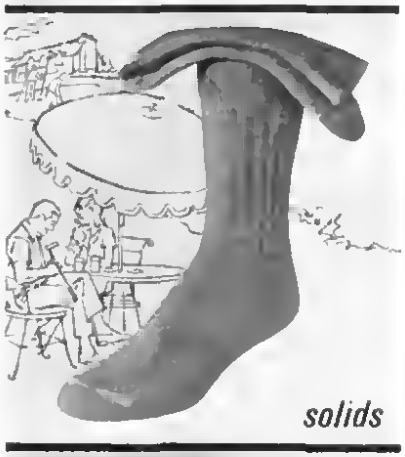
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entrance of Union Memorial Hospital a short way from Hopkins and forget the game altogether. John Howard was not among the complainers, though. He just muttered things like, "If only I was Vince Lombardi, if only I was Vince Lombardi. But I'm *not* Vince Lombardi. . . ."

Howard's game strategy was simple. He was going to play things cozy against the Blue Jays, just as he had done with so much success the year before. Hopkins, in sweeping past nine opponents, had run up scores like 20–1, 22–4, 20–5 and 20–7. Indeed, playing the same number of games as Maryland—the majority of them against common foes—Hopkins had outscored the Terps by 60 goals.

"Let's face it," Howard said. "If Hopkins has the ball as much as we do they'll clobber us 15–5. No doubt about it. So we'll run around with the ball. We'll run around, we'll pass around and we'll see what happens."

Coach Bobby Scott of Hopkins anticipated this slowdown game and emphasized to his players that they had to steal the play from Maryland by applying an unusual amount of pressure on the ball handler at midfield and then, when they got the ball, feed it to their hot shots, Cowan and McCarty. The game would swing on just how sharp Cowan and McCarty were.

Cowan, sturdily built and blond, and McCarty, tall, rangy and dark-haired, had grown up together in Baltimore and played together at Friends School, and now, at Hopkins, they had been teamed with another good attackman, Phil Kneip. The effect was much the same as when a football team has three good backs instead of one: the opposition can't double-team the one, and all three perform better. The Hopkins trio had made 80 goals and 67 assists in nine games. Cowan, as the leading scorer in the country, had 27 goals and 44 assists. With this attack, if Hopkins could get in front quickly, it was capable of running Maryland right down Route 1 to College Park.

The game began in a light rain, which did not hurt Maryland's slowdown cause, but Cowan, McCarty and Kneip were fast enough. Hopkins took control of the game in the midfield, as it had intended to, and fed Cowan and McCarty, as planned, but it ran into unexpected difficulty in the person of Goalie Vander Schuyt. In the first period the Hopkins offense got off 19 shots, compared to Maryland's four, but had only a 1–0 lead to show for it. The Blue Jays, still dominating play, eased ahead 3–1 on Cowan's first goal midway through the second period. Now in serious trouble, Maryland was forced to abandon its delay game, for it was only delaying the inevitable. Out went the game plan, and into the game came Maryland with two goals that made it 3–3 at half time. So much for coaching strategy.

The third period was unrestrained offensive fury and, when it was over, the teams were still tied, this time 7–7. But a trend had been established. Through three periods Hopkins had outshot Maryland 41–27, and even in spite of Vander Schuyt's astonishing flailing about the goal the team that was shooting the most figured eventually to score the most.

It did. Early in the fourth quarter Hopkins gained a man advantage on a slashing penalty. On a play near the left sideline Cowan made a superb stop of a ball that, had it gone out of bounds, would have given valuable possession to the Terrapins. Instead, Hopkins got the ball, and seconds later McCarty scored from in front to put the Blue Jays on top to stay 9–8. Moments later McCarty added the insurance goal, and the Blue Jays then ran out the clock.

Cowan, exhausted, left the field with his arms draped around McCarty's neck. "Just like we dreamed, just like we dreamed, wasn't it?" he said to McCarty. Indeed, it was. When Cowan and McCarty were no taller than their lacrosse sticks they had come out to the Hopkins games early so they could field errant balls behind the nets and think about wearing the pale blue shirts with white stripes on the shoulders and winning a national championship or two.

"It's great, it's just great." Cowan was saying moments later in the tumult of the dressing room. "All this week all I could think about was that long bus ride back from Maryland last year. It was so long I thought we were going to Chicago."

"He's right," said Bobby Scott, "but it was worth waiting for. This time we played our best game in the last game of the season."

And outdoors, amid the spring pleasantness of their campus, the Hopkins students were relishing victory. A rally cry might even arise: "This week a championship, next week Good Humors." END

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GOODYEAR





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A great bourbon should be able to hold its aroma and flavor above water. Or soda. Or ice. Antique does. This vintage bourbon is so full-bodied, so rich, so rewarding, there's only one way to drown it. With compliments.

ANTIQUE . . . undiluted pleasure

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—86 PROOF 6 YEARS OLD
FRANKFORT DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



Won't somebody buy a yacht?

The Coast Guard is trying to sell two handsome wooden boats it badly needs in order to purchase a fiber-glass pair it can afford to maintain

So, a surplus of yachts, eh?" many an old economic royalist may have harrumphed to himself in the quiet of the Union League Club as he read the advertisement reproduced above in *The New York Times*. "No wonder that man in the White House is asking for a rise in taxes."

There was a grain of truth in these sour thoughts, but the offer of two yachts for sale did not necessarily reflect it. In one way or another, the U.S. Government does own a number of yachts and does lose tax money on them because of an Internal Revenue ruling that says any millionaire donating his worn-out yacht to a "worthy institution" can write the paper value of it off his tax bill.

Thanks to this handy dodge, some of the world's most famed private yachts have passed into more or less public hands, among them the 1962 U.S. cup defender *Weatherly*, the beautiful schooner *Niña*, formerly owned by the late Paul Hammond and the late De-Coursey Fales, the veteran ocean racer *Ondine I* (now rechristened *Severn Star*), the 60-foot fiber-glass prizewinner *Maredea*, and the most recent acquisition of the U.S. Naval Academy, the almost new 72-foot ketch *Jubilee III*.

Of all the institutions classified as worthy by the tax laws, the Naval Academy, whose interest today lies more in nuclear propulsion and missile guidance systems than in blue-water sailing under canvas, has benefited the most at the hands of wealthy, tax-conscious yachtsmen. The Coast Guard Academy, whose major concern is often the yachts-

continued



"You'll find 1968 Burke-Worthington Clubs are as close to being precision instruments as any golf equipment sold.....anywhere."

Tommy Armour

Formerly sold only in pro shops, Tommy Armour clubs are now available in retail stores



Burke-Worthington Div.
VICTOR GOLF
VICTOR

Fussy about movies?

We're even fussier

Being fussier is what Nikon quality is all about—fussier about design, construction, workmanship, optics—especially optics. Ask any of your photography friends about Nikkor lenses.

So, because we're fussier, the Nikon Super Zoom 8 has a Nikkor f1.8 lens with 5.1-to-1 zoom range and electrically powered zoom control, automatic thru-the-lens exposure control with electronically biased "instant-response" diaphragm, manual exposure settings and fades, thru the-lens reflex focusing and viewing, variable filming speeds, single frame exposures, remote operation, automatic type A filter and more. It runs on regular penlite batteries, and uses instant-load super-8 film.

The Nikon Super Zoom 8 is designed for people who are fussy even about home movies. Price is under $270 at your Nikon dealer. For complete details, write, Nikon Inc., Garden City, New York 11530. Sub of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Ind., Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.)

Nikon Super Zoom 8



man himself, has come off a poor second best.

Yet it is a primary purpose of the trim, colonial-looking academy, which stands on New London's Mohegan Avenue just across from the Connecticut College for Women, to train officers in the technique of search and rescue—a day-to-day duty that has saved thousands of lives and billions of dollars worth of seaborne cargo, much of the latter a contributing factor to the kind of wealth that makes the buying of yachts possible. When the yachtsman himself, wealthy or not, is in trouble his first call is to the Coast Guard, and his succor comes from an officer trained at the academy. Last year alone Search and Rescue answered 42,225 calls for aid, 26,624 of them were from "private vessels" *i.e.*, yachts.

One way the Coast Guard cadet learns to answer such calls effectively is by cruising and racing under sail. "Sailing," says the academy's part-time sailing coach and Olympic hopeful William Parks III, "teaches the cadets like nothing else about wind, currents, tides and how easy it is to get into trouble on the water. It also teaches them instinctive small-boat discipline. When you're out there on a cutter in a gale trying to pick up a small boat in trouble you've got to know what *you're* doing and you've got to know what *he's* doing. There's no room for mistakes."

Obviously hook-taught seamanship is a standard part of the academy curriculum, but the cadets who know sailing best are those who learn it, and learn to love it, as part of the USCGA's 60-man Sailing Squadron. They not only learn seamanship as such, but everything that should go with it. Each vessel in the academy's too small blue-water fleet has a permanent crew assigned to it. It is this crew's job to see that everything aboard is shipshape at all times. Goaded by his own Captain Bligh, a first classman appointed as "crew chief"—each cadet scrubs, pats, polishes and paints "his" vessel with a zeal many a private yachtsman could envy.

Sometimes the zeal is rewarded by the chance to take part in a famed ocean race, like the Newport-Bermuda. This year two Coast Guard yawls are entered. For the cadets on board, the race will count as part of their regular summer duty. Fun? Obviously. But as Lieut. Commander Martin H. Daniell, a faculty adviser to the Sailing Squadron, points out for the benefit of the bureaucrats, "Anyone who thinks ocean racing is all fun has never been offshore during bad weather in a small boat."

continued



THE LATE PRESIDENT KENNEDY SOMETIMES SAILED "MANITOU" OFF MAINE'S COAST

We're giving the smaller cars a run for your money.

But it isn't really a fair contest.

Not when a Chrysler Newport is priced just a few dollars more a month than the most popular smaller cars, comparably equipped.

Not when that slight price difference buys you all this:

A 383 cu. in. V-8 that runs on regular gas. The longest wheelbase in Newport's class.

The best average resale value in our history. And all the luxury you expect from Chrysler.

We're talking about a Newport equipped the same way as those smaller cars.

Power steering. Power brakes. White sidewalls. Automatic transmission. Radio. And that 383 V-8. (To get an engine that big in the low-price cars, you'd have to pay extra.)

One final thought. There are 25 of those high-line smaller cars out after your money.

If you like the price of any one of them, you can afford a Chrysler.

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION



Test Price a Chrysler

Do your high performance engine a favor



GT-1 Racing Oil is refined from the richest 100% Pennsylvania crude oil to exceed Car Manufacturers MS Sequence Tests and latest warranty requirements

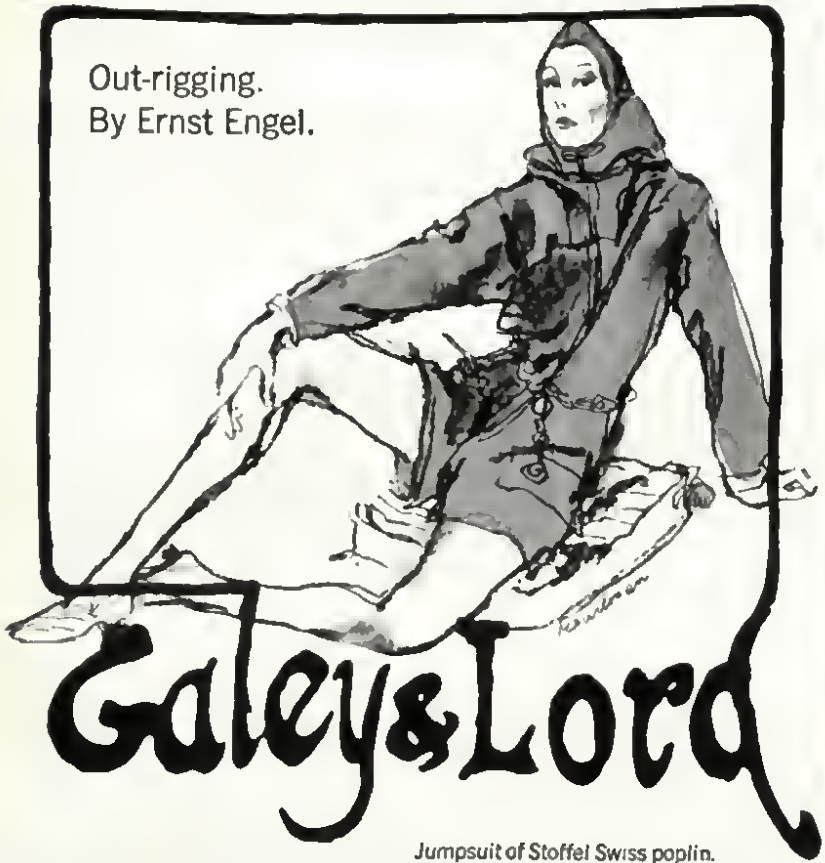
Kendall GT-1 was proved on Grand Prix courses and dragstrips to protect *your* high performance car. Its unique formulation overcomes the lubrication problems faced by all high torque engines no matter how they are driven

Protect your engine and its performanee with Kendall GT-1, the Official Oil of the Watkins Glen Grand Prix race course

"Lubrication Specialists Since 1881"

KENDALL REFINING COMPANY
BRADFORD, PENNA. 16701

Out-rigging.
By Ernst Engel.



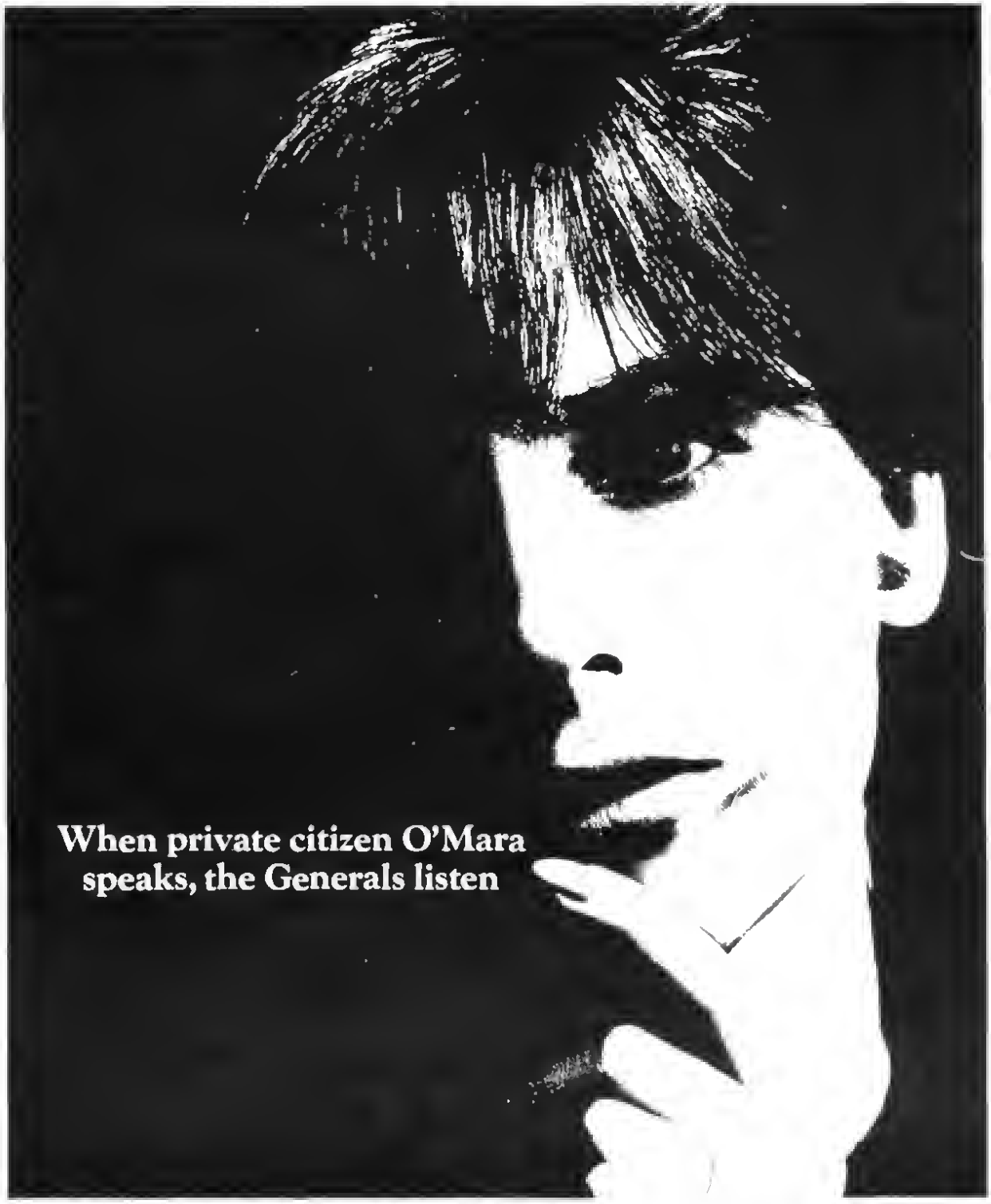
Galey&Lord

Jumpsuit of Stoffel Swiss poplin.
Galey & Lord, 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018, a division of Burlington Industries.

The fact that offshore sailing is not only pleasurable but an important part of the training of future Coast Guard officers is a fact hard to make clear to Congressmen, budget directors or even plain taxpayers. The result is that, despite attractive write-off laws, the Coast Guard needs far more and better boats than it has, and it desperately needs money to sail and maintain them. At present the Academy Sailing Squadron owns three 44-foot fiber-glass yawls, a husky and slightly leaky cruising sloop called *Congar*, a needle-shaped ketch named *Arion*, whose vintage is dated by the fact that she is the first fiber-glass sailboat of her size ever built, and the two boats it is trying to sell, the now decrepit *Royono* and the 31-year-old *Manitou*, which had a brief fling on the front pages back in 1962 when Sailorman-President John F. Kennedy relaxed at her helm.

The involvement of the Defense Surplus Sales Office in this sale may lead to the impression that there is a surplus of yachts in New London, but such is far from the case. The Coast Guard is selling the two old wooden craft because it doesn't have the money to maintain them, and the Government has no intention of providing any. The Government, as a matter of fact, has never paid a cent toward the maintenance of any of the Sailing Squadron's vessels, all of which are supported by charitable donations from people like roller-bearing maker John Timken. Since fiber glass is cheaper to maintain than wood, the academy is simply hoping to get enough money from *Manitou* and *Royono* to enable it to buy a pair of fiber-glass yawls that will cost less to care for. Once before the academy tried to sell the two boats, but the bids fell far short of the $52,000 the Coast Guardsmen thought they were worth.

What the Sailing Squadron would really like is a couple of nice new yachts for free, plus the money to maintain them. Lacking the well-heeled alumni organization that assures the sailors in Annapolis a never-ending flow of boats and money, the Coast Guard is forced to beg for both. It is not a proud thing to have to do, but the academy does it, even though, as Rear Admiral A. B. Engel explained drily in a recent letter to prospective donors, "a solicitation for gifts from a federal institution may be a new experience." END



When private citizen O'Mara speaks, the Generals listen

General Foods, General Motors, General Mills *better* pay attention to the likes of Mrs O'Mara. Because she—and *you*—buy only the brands you like. And drop the ones you don't.

That's the wonderful power you have when you have free choice. It's free choice that keeps the Generals on their toes trying to please the troops. And in competing with each other, they generally come up with something better. Or cheaper. Or else.

Yet, strangely enough, there are well-meaning people in this country today who just don't see it that way. They think Mrs O'Mara is confused by *too much* choice in the marketplace. Or, maybe just not bright enough to choose among all those different cake mixes or 36 different kinds of cars. Reduce the choice, they say. Wouldn't four kinds of cake mix be enough? Standardize the products. That will make shopping a lot quicker and easier for everybody.

The trouble is, who sets the standards? Not Mrs. O'Mara. She may be a wizard with a bowl of batter, but she hasn't a test tube to her name. So, the critics suggest, let the government do her shopping for her.

That's sympathetic of them, but Mrs O'Mara's very favorite cake is a plum-nut mix—and that's apt to be the first to go when they start cutting back on choice. We hope yours is chocolate or vanilla because they stand a pretty good chance of surviving.

Magazine Publishers Association

An association of publishers of U.S. magazines


General Mills
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions



They Cheer When the Parson Is Pitching

Packaged in his own golden glaw of fitness, verve and enthusiasm, the Rev. Bob Richards, twice an Olympic pole-vault winner, is spreading the word on behalf of diligence, perseverance, goodness and the Breakfast of Champions

BY MYRON COPE

In *The Heart of a Champion*, a nonfiction work by the Rev. Bob Richards, the world of sports has no room for backsliders or men of faint spirit. Not only do Richards' athletes remember to say their prayers, they advance into battle enduring torturous injuries. Runners tear ashen-faced down the stretch, while others are popping up, one after another, from operating tables to plunge into training against terrible odds. Johnny Twomey, "116 pounds of solid heart," has lost a shoe on the first lap of an indoor two-mile race, but around and around the board track he goes, splinters ripping into his flesh, to take second place. At Helsinki, Bob Mathias pulls a muscle in his thigh on the first day of the Olympic decathlon, but he lays a hand on his coach's shoulder and says, "Don't worry, coach. Somehow I think I can come through." Gritting his teeth, he smashes his own Olympic record. The Reverend Bob himself, pain stabbing at his left leg like a dagger, pounds down the runway at Helsinki and soars to an Olympic pole-vault record. Page after page, crippled athletes come forward wincing, until the reader begins to believe that he is a spectator at a giant, agonizing Olympic Games that somehow has been awarded to Lourdes.

The contestants have spit in the eye of medical science. Glenn Cunningham is there ("The doctors claimed he'd never walk"). Tenley Albright is there. ("They were saying of her, in pity, 'She will never use her legs again.' ") Wherever one turns, physicians are being made to look like knuckleheads.

The Lourdes Games begin, and as the runners leave the starting line a barely audible babble rises from their lips. Hark! It is the sound of men praying. Lou Jones, springing furiously through the 400 meters, is praying from start to finish. Gunder Hagg is praying around a turn. And all the while, our chronicler, the Reverend Bob, is hard at work getting to the bottom of things. To Gil Dodds he says, "Gil, what did you pray for at that three-quarter mark?"

No doubt there are readers who found *The Heart of a Champion* (published in 1959) a little gummy, but Richards himself faults it for a different reason. Though he regards it as a good book, inspirational to all men, he says, "The mistake I made was having it published by a religious publisher [the Fleming H. Revell Company] instead of by a publisher who puts out sales literature. I haven't made more than $4,000 or $5,000 the entire time on that book."

continued

They Cheer

The Reverend Bob, who at 42 earns in the neighborhood of $125,000 a year peddling Wheaties in television commercials and delivering inspirational speeches on the banquet and lecture circuit, embraces a particular brand of theology that does not equate religious faith with poverty. God put us on this earth to enjoy its fruit, he argues cheerfully. If you're a salesman, he preaches at sales dinners around the country, work hard, have faith and lead the office in commissions. "Some salesmen say they can't close," he cries out, as if the very thought was enough to curdle the brain. "But I've seen men work on it till they're *tremendous* closers."

A plugger himself, Richards has made the most of his onetime image as a wholesome track-and-field star. Oldtimers—people past 30—remember those headlines that in the 1940s and '50s appeared relentlessly in the Sunday sports sections following Saturday meets: REV. BOB WINS AGAIN. POLE-VAULTING PARSON TOPS 15 FEET. VAULTIN' VICAR STEALS SPOTLIGHT. DECATHLON DEACON TAKES TITLE. He won the Olympic vaulting championship in 1952 and again at age 30 in 1956, impressive handiwork for any man, let alone an ordained minister in the Church of the Brethren. Between appearances in pulpits, revival tents and banquet halls, he won 21 national titles—17 in the pole vault (indoors and out), three in the decathlon and one in the all-round, a decathlon-type event that includes heel-and-toe walking. Catapulting off the old metal pole, he cleared the magic height of his era—15 feet—126 times.



In 1956 graceful Richards becomes second man to top 15 feet

As the years wore on, copydesk men reflexively whipped off their alliterative Richards headlines without having to come out of their postlunch stupors.

Today, his curly hair graying at the edges but darkened a little with dye, the Reverend Bob vaults into American living rooms as "the Wheaties man," his brilliant, even-toothed smile stretching from ear to ear. Though beginning to show wrinkles off camera, he remains as muscular and flat-bellied as the day he won his first Olympic medal and on screen appears much taller than his 5′10″. "You see," he enthuses in commercials, "there's a kernel full of energy in every Wheaties flake." Bursting with energy himself, he turns upside down and takes a short stroll on the palms of his hands. Around the nation, T-shirted, beer-guzzling men dedicated to lazy living glare at the television, hristling. Richards looms into view again alongside a swimming pool and plunges not into the water but into a heaping bowl of Wheaties topped with strawberries and cream.

"Did you know," he muses in yet another sports-oriented pitch, "that enough bowls of Wheaties are poured each year to fill the Rose Bowl right up to the 56th row?" In Chicago a research chemist stalks to his typewriter and irritably demands of Richards, "How much milk is required to go with all that cereal?"

For 10 years the Reverend Bob has been pitching Wheaties, the Breakfast of Champions. Sam Huff has come and more or less gone with his slacks, and scores of other athletes have had their brief flings with hair oil, athlete's-foot remedies and gasolines. But Richards keeps hanging in there with his dry cereal, so that today, image-wise, he practically is Wheaties. As a result, the smart alecks out front even call him to account for the package design. "This year," a letter complains, "I happen to be rooming with a fellow who eats Wheaties at an incredible rate. As you might expect, the Wheaties box is always to be found on our kitchen table and as a result I have been forced to stare at Jerry West for more months than I care to recall. Why not try other champions for a change? For example, champions in the world of philosophy? The top line might read W. V. Quine, metaphysician from Akron, or, Father Joseph Owens, C.Ss.R., neo-Thomist from Toronto."

All right, let the wise guys amuse themselves. In the meantime General Mills, the maker of Wheaties, is paying Richards $75,000 annually, and sales charts indicate that his commercials sell enough Wheaties each year to fill, well, at least Fenway Park. He spoons in another $50,000 making speeches (at up to $1,000 per) and is, in short, fully able to take the wise guys in stride. "*Mad* magazine," he says, "had me eating Wheaties, then diving into a pool and drowning. You know—glub, gluh, glub. They said, 'Let this be a lesson to you. Don't eat Wheaties before going swimming.' Well, that stuff about not eating before swimming, that's an old myth. I have eaten many times and gone in swimming."

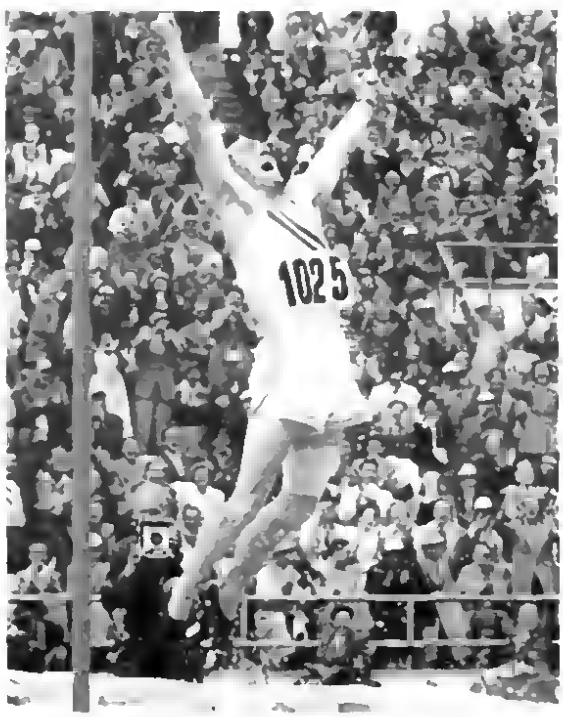
To appreciate fully the Richards capacity both for Wheaties and the defiance of danger one must see him in action. One recent night the Reverend Bob is sitting on the dais in the banquet hall of Vanderburgh Auditorium in Evansville, Indiana It is a Monday night, and he is to address the annual awards dinner of the Evansville Sales and Marketing Executives Club, attended by some 200 salesmen and their ladies He wears a gray flannel jacket on the breast pocket of which rests the orange emblem of the Wheaties Sports Federation, a General Mills offspring that, under Richards' direction, promotes participation in amateur athletics and fitness. Eighteen award-winning salesmen parade single file past the dais, accepting their trophies, and as each name is announced—from R Davis Barker to Richard A Schipp—the Reverend's strong hands respond with thunderclap applause that echoes through the hall He smiles brilliantly upon the award winners, proud of them.

Now he is on his feet, embarked on his one-hour speech "I'm gonna try to motivate you tonight," he tells the salesmen "I want to set you on fire, I want to get you to *go*, to *act*. You've got to go through that line, you've got to figure out ways to beat the opposition . . The salesman is on the field! He's out there in the middle of the fight. . . Oh, how I love the language of sport in the middle of all this cynical, decadent socialism!"

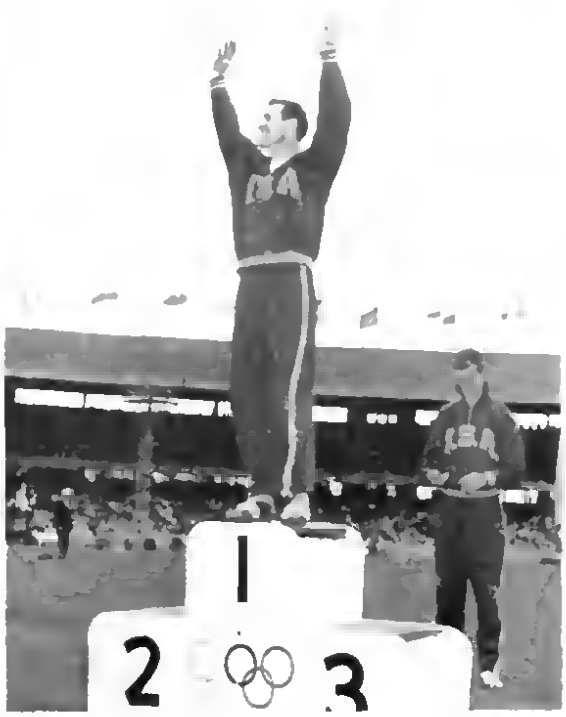
Richards is nothing if not a superb platform performer In a matter of minutes he has the Evansville salesmen in his grip His eyes shut tightly, his hands knifing through the air, he carries the salesmen to successive peaks of grim determination, each time easing them down for a breather with an old joke, skillfully told sometimes a mildly bawdy anecdote. Bobbing and weaving, his forehead glistening with perspiration, he is Rocky Marciano on the attack against Archie Moore He is Bart Starr on third down "No matter what you've done," he cries, getting back to the message, "stretch for somethin' beyond! And lastly, if you want to succeed put God in your life. . . Put faith in your life and you've got enthusiasm Get with it! Feel this dynamic force surge through you and you will win in the great race of life!" The salesmen and their ladies leap to their feet, filling the hall with applause, and then a score of them race to the dais for Richards' autograph. Southern Indiana, he privately muses later, is hospitable enough country, but it is not very lucrative territory for speakers, "though not as bad as L.A and New York, which are the worst because so many freebies are willing to speak."

All right, all you Holy Joes out there, go ahead and say the Reverend Bob is gross for dwelling on pecuniary matters. But when you frisk him you will find no hypocrisy in him. "What the hell are we talking about if religion isn't motivation, if it isn't life?" he says the morning after his Evansville speech "Religion should make you happy, it should make you successful, it should give you love. It's a solution to problems." He has come down from his room

continued



Richards leaps for joy in Helsinki after setting '52 Olympic mark



A two-handed wave at Melbourne celebrates his 1956 gold medal

to the coffee shop in the Ramada Motor Inn and ordered Wheaties, but the waitress has put a substitute before him. "It just lies there in the bottom of the bowl and looks at ya," Richards complains. "No get-up-and-go. A lousy un-American cereal."

Seated at the table with Richards is a somewhat plump man who wears a double-breasted blue blazer and a semi-mod coiffure that leaves his sandy hair lying in curls on his neck. He is Jack Stack, administrative vice-president of Knox Reeves Advertising, Inc., a Minneapolis firm that has the Wheaties account, and he explains that he is tagging along on Richards' week-long speaking tour in order to go over plans for future filming of commercials. Actually Stack is on the scene because Knox Reeves Advertising is not quite sure what Richards will say to a reporter who also is making the tour.

Knox Reeves's concern is understandable. The Reverend Bob is perhaps the greatest reason why Wheaties, its sales having turned soggy in the 1950s, has climbed back to heights of crispy, crunchy profits. In 1933 Wheaties went on radio with *Jack Armstrong, The All-American Boy*, the hair-raising adventures of a teen-age lad possessed of a craving for sports, scientific gadgets and exploration. Jack Armstrong made small boys kick their mothers in the shins if they forgot to stock up on Wheaties. Eventually, however, General Mills made a disastrous mistake. It let Jack grow up, and in 1951, as *Armstrong of the SBI* (Scientific Bureau of Investigation), he bombed.

Wheaties' advertising, meanwhile, had begun to drift away from its All-American theme and had taken sports champions off the cereal boxes. Sales plunged. Finally, anxious to reassert the product's relationship to the old American virtues, Knox Reeves cast Richards as the living, breathing television extension of Jack Armstrong. Since his debut in December 1957, Wheaties sales have shot up 21%, which is why Jack Stack has come down to Evansville and is sitting in nervous silence while Richards gets a few complaints off his chest.

"Ever read these books by Ph. D.s?" Richards is saying. "The one who can complicate his sentences the most, he passes the test. Nihilistics, meaningless semantics is what it amounts to." If Jack Stack is stricken by a vision of Ph. D.s switching to Kellogg's Corn Flakes, he disguises his fear by remaining expressionless. "Pick up any philosophy book," Richards roars. "It's like pigs grunting! Oink, oink, oink!" Higher education, and organized religion for that matter, have lost touch with the people, the Reverend Bob declares.

Beginning to suffer a headache, which he attributes to the un-American cereal, Richards departs the coffee shop, for it is now time to get on the road to French Lick, Ind., where he is due to deliver a 7:30 p.m. address at Northwood of Indiana, a small college. He plans to rent a car, but from the lobby of the Ramada Motor Inn he spies a 1963 white Lincoln convertible sitting in a used-car lot across the street, and he is taken by it. In La Verne, Calif., where he lives with his wife and three children, Richards owns a Mercedes-Benz 300 SL, a Mercedes 300 S, a Chrysler station wagon and a Cadillac Eldorado, which he purchased after roaring up to the showroom on a Harley-Davidson motorcycle, wearing a black leather jacket. He also owns 20 truck trailers, minus cabs, 40-footers that are sitting around waiting for him to discover how he can put them to use. Nevertheless, Richards now bounds across to the used-car lot and opens lengthy negotiations with the boss, a tall, bespectacled man named Tony.

"Sixteen's the best I can do," Tony finally says. "Sixteen-hundred's a real buy, yessir."

"All right, now we got to level," the Reverend Bob says. "What kind of car am I going to have?"

"You can call the lady who owned it. We just sold her a Cadillac."

"A little old lady, no doubt, who hardly did any driving," Richards fires back. "Well, I'll tell you. I don't have my checkbook with me. Will you take a counter check?"

"They won't take no counter checks no more," Tony says. "Can't do it." The deal is off. In a rented Chevy, Richards tools off to French Lick, avidly discussing foreign affairs along the way and concluding that the only solution to Vietnam is to drop the bomb. In the back seat Jack Stack squirms.

At the French Lick Sheraton, a rambling old resort hotel, Richards is met by a lanky man named Fossum, who is provost of Northwood. Fossum points out that Northwood students, in contrast to Purdue's, shake hands warmly, and that in the future they will be the people "who will run the J. C. Penney store and the local dairy." Having been briefed, Richards proceeds to the campus in nearby West Baden, where, spotlit on a small stage that sits in a great, eerie atrium, he motivates away, receiving a standing ovation from the future J. C. Penney managers. "He's the best speaker we've had," says a red-headed coed. "David Brinkley was amusing, but Mr. Richards is dynamic." Accolades ringing in his ears, Richards goes on to Fossum's house for hors d'oeuvres and a glass of ginger ale. "Mr. Stack here," Richards says, introducing Jack Stack to Fossum's wife, "is along to see that I don't say the wrong things to this other fellow, who is writing *The Rise and Fall of Jack Armstrong*." Stack turns crimson. Later, back at the hotel, the reporter shows Richards a copy of the *Evansville Courier*, in which he is quoted ripping Avery Brundage and the AAU for being 50 years behind the times. "You *said* that?" Stack exclaims, reading over Richards' shoulder.

"Every word of it," Richards smiles.

"I see," Stack says, shrinking away to his room.

The Reverend Bob is at home in the Midwest, having been a Midwesterner himself. The son of a workingman, he grew up in Champaign, Ill., where he shined shoes, sold popcorn in beer joints and, he recollects after mull-

ing it [illegible] swore pretty badly. His parents were divorced when he was 16, and his mother moved to Seattle, whereupon young Bob was taken in by a Champaign minister, The Reverend Merlin E. Garber of the Church of the Brethren. The Reverend Garber made Bob memorize 10 sermons, then sent him off, at age 17, to Bridgewater College, a church school in Virginia.

The Brethren sect "licensed" Richards to preach when he was 18, and he worked his way through college by filling three pulpits, one of them 200 miles to the south. "I have never in all my life taken a note into a pulpit," he proudly points out. He married a niece of the college president, then moved on to the University of Illinois, where he became Big Ten pole-vault champion, was ordained a minister at 20 and earned a master's in philosophy at 21. But, alas, he lost his belief in God.

"At Illinois," he says, "I was in a group of atheists. There were several Communists in the group." The mind boggles at the vision of Bob Richards, the Wheaties man, fellow-traveling, but he presses on. "I remember looking up one morning and believing the universe was only electrons and protons. But one night during a house meeting of this group a teacher said, 'Ultimately we've got to realize that one day the earth is going to get too close to the sun and go poof!' And believe it or not, that was the greatest religious experience I've ever had. There's got to be more to life than poof! That very moment was my road back to faith."

Restored, the Reverend Bob forged ahead, teaching philosophy and then becoming pastor of the Church of the Brethren in Long Beach, Calif. at $6,000 per year. At the same time he pole-vaulted his way back and forth across America, picking up travel expenses from promoters, of course, and capitalizing on his fame by booking himself into pulpits and banquets. "The AAU couldn't say I was cheating," Richards explains neatly, "because professionally I *was* a speaker, I was a minister. To crack down on a minister would have put them in a terribly embarrassing spot." The fact that the AAU forbids American amateurs to profit by their reputations, even to the extent of earning a speaking fee, galls Richards, and he becomes livid as he ponders the reality that Russian athletes, apparently with Avery Brundage's approval, are given lavish subsidies in the form of goods and services. "Semantics!" Richards cries, condemning Brundage and his officious cronies to the same pigpen where the Ph. D.'s stand oink, oink, oinking. "What we've got to do is adopt a Philadelphia-lawyer technique to talk around these stupid jerks. The issue isn't ethics. Do you realize what it costs to feed and train an athlete? The issue is whether we're gonna have an athletic program."

Unencumbered by AAU restrictions, Richards kept so busy speaking that he had to resign his Long Beach pulpit after three years' time in order to lighten his schedule. Then in 1957, a year after his second Olympics gold medal, the Reverend Bob finally stashed away his pole and began a weekly television show in Los Angeles telling sports stories to kiddies. It was a frustrating experience. Richards wanted to climax each story with an inspirational moral, but the sponsor, Union Oil, ordered him to knock off the moral on the grounds that it was "too maudlin." Happily, Wheaties came to the rescue.



Advice [illegible] sons Paul and Bob (right), who has vaulted 15 feet

Actually, Bud Wilkinson, the onetime University of Oklahoma football coach, might have gone on to become the Wheaties man, for he was the figure that Knox Reeves admen coveted. But the university president refused Wilkinson permission to pitch cereal and coach football at the same time. So the admen turned to Richards, who assessed the Wheaties climate and found it receptive to his inspirational bent. To Union Oil he said, "Get yourself another pigeon." Ten years later the Richards-Wheaties marriage remains a happy one, and around the Knox Reeves offices Richards is known fondly as The Rev.

As a matter of fact, high school and community organizations now clamor for films of his motivational speeches which General Mills lends out as a public service. Such is the demand that one must wait at least six weeks to lay hands on *Life's Higher Goals*. *Response to the Challenge* and *Ball of the Champion* are moving nicely, too.

Though Bob Richards in the flesh costs cash, the market for him is humming, and now, having knocked them dead at Evansville and Northwood, he faces a grinding Wednesday schedule. Up at 6:30, he must motor two hours to Louisville to appear on a morning television show, where he will follow a trained cockatoo. Then he must fly to Erie, Pa. to address the annual awards dinner of the Sales and Marketing Executives Club at Erie. He begins

continued

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*When case crystal crown are intact

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the day cheerfully. Does he really eat Wheaties every day? a lady interviewer asks him on the television show. "For the money they're payin' me, you'd eat Wheaties every day, too," Richards answers. "But, seriously, I do enjoy them and have eaten them for 30 years." Leaving the studio, Richards passes a monstrous yellow statue that guards the front of the building—a sculpture of a hefty nude rising off her haunches while brandishing a clenched fist in the air. "The title of that statue," Richards muses, "is *How Many Times Have I Told You Not to Come into the Bathroom When I'm in Here!*" He gets into a car and idly wonders if he ought not to have given the lady interviewer a more comprehensive answer to her question about his Wheaties appetite. "For the first five years, of course," Richards crows in a mock stage voice, "I held my nose and gingerly put one flake at a time on my tongue and then hurriedly washed it down with a bourbon and water." In the back seat Jack Stack forces himself to chuckle politely.

Richards was only joshing, naturally, and he proves it in the coffee shop of the Louisville airport by ordering Wheaties. Unfortunately, as in Evansville, this coffee shop doesn't seem to have Wheaties either. Scorning any un-American substitutes, Richards orders eggs and sausage.

As he boards his flight, the Reverend Bob carries a yellow-jacketed manuscript, which, as it turns out, is the script of a movie he has written and intends to produce. At home in La Verne he owns a film studio, housed in an abandoned Methodist church. There he embarked upon his movie career two years ago with a film entitled *God, Guns, and Guts*. In conversation he refers to that film as "Circuit Rider," because he himself played the part of a marshal who turned circuit rider but ultimately found himself in circumstances that required him to take up his guns again. No sooner had he loosened up his trigger finger than Richards discovered he'd run out of money, so he abandoned *God, Guns, and Guts*. His new movie, backed by fresh cash, is *A Young Man's Journey*.

continued



Q. How many beans are in the box?

A. About twice as many beans as you'd find in a normal station wagon.



Where fresh ideas go into orbit





"I'd rather have a little Old Taylor than a lot of anything else."

On board the plane he drops the script into Jack Stack's lap for inspection, then takes a seat directly in front of Stack. "This film's an attempt to show young people right in the middle of the muck and mire what decisions they have to make," Richards advises.

"You show them what happens with dope," he goes on. "Show them with their eyes burned out—the reality. If you talk about sex, talk about abortion, the suicide attempts, the broken hearts. The movie deals with seven problems of young people: sex, dope, abstract education, abstract religion, military involvement, corrupt politics and the frustration they feel when they can't realize their ambitions, when they're not rewarded according to what their talents deserve. I would call that last problem 'the thwartation of ambition.' Anyway read the script."

Stack, however, is reading the script, and presently, when Richards dips his head into the aisle to ask his opinion of it, Stack mumbles something unintelligible. "It's kaleidoscopic, isn't it?" Richards says. "It jumps all over the place!" He arises and goes to the lavatory, whereupon Stack tells the reporter that the script is plotless and fails to establish its characters. "But it's not unlike some of the Italian films," Stack hastens to add. "It's not unlike *Blow-Up* or *Boccaccio '70* or *8½*. It's got Antonioni and Fellini in it."

"That's right!" Richards cries, returning just in time to hear the last of Stack's words. Standing in the aisle, he roars, "It's kinda like *La Dolce Vita*, *Alfie* and *The Perils of Pauline* all rolled into one!

"Look, this will be a smash," Richards tears on. "We'll make $10 million out of it." Who's "we"? he is asked. "I and a guy who just put up 50 thou— a fella who just sold some real estate and's got some extra money. If I can just hit on one film, then we'll make 10 films. I've got a boy-and-a-dog script I want to do. I want to do Martin Niemoller, the minister who opposed Hitler. I want to do Bonhoeffer. He participated in a plot to kill Hitler and he failed and was caught, but he was right. I think this kind of dialectic in a film would really make people committed." Seated now, Richards fixes his listener with a savage smile. "What if you knew Fidel Castro was going to set off a button and kill millions? Would you kill him? Interesting question! Interesting. Oh, beautiful! I want to do it!"

Now Stack has passed the *Young Man* script forward, and Richards is calling attention to the passages in it that particularly move him. In one of them, a presidential candidate named Dr. Complex proposes that all our ambassadors be psychiatrists and that instead of hosting drunken cocktail parties at their embassies they invite heads of state to lie down for analysis. "We would have peace," Dr. Complex argues, "because all of the leaders of the world would take out their hostilities on the psychiatrists instead of on other nations." The candidate goes on to argue that nuclear missiles are phallic symbols and that the American military's belligerence toward China can be rendered harmlessly inactive by giving each of our generals a Chinese mistress.

"I get across my points through the ludicrous," Richards says.

Suddenly the Reverend Bob's gaze is arrested by the rear end of a stewardess who, outfitted in a white knit dress of miniskirt length, has bent over in the aisle. "They bend over and their garter strap shows," he grumbles. "Now tell me, what is esthetically beautiful about that?" He disapproves of miniskirts, not on moral but on esthetic grounds. "Women are really women in a nice silk dress or a beautiful long evening gown. What's *happening* to women? I agree with Chuck Connors—those miniskirts must have been designed by homosexuals!" Casting one last look of disapproval at the stewardess, the Reverend Bob drops off to sleep.

He awakens cheerfully in Cleveland, where he will have lunch and change planes. "Excuse me," a waitress says as she serves him, "but aren't you Jack Armstrong?" Wheaties' search for the embodiment of the old Armstrong image has been more successful, it seems, than the admen dared hope. Richards

continued





Get with
ICE BLUE!



There's Something About An AQUA VELVA Man!

WHAT A GLIDE!
WHAT A SLIDE!
AQUA VELVA
SILICONE
LATHER
for a silicone-smooth shave!

blinks at the waitress but keeps a straight face and says yes.

"Oh, my Lord," the woman gasps. "My brothers and I used to listen to you all the time years ago. You were fantastic, Mr. Armstrong. Oh, I'm so thrilled." She asks Richards to autograph a menu, and he writes, "To all my friends from the days of Hudson High . . ." And then, when the waitress is gone, he drops his voice to Jack Armstrong's precocious bass and says, "Billy, if we can get the savages to think we're going to the other side of the island, it's possible we can get a boat through that opening over there to the ocean."

"Gosh, Jack," pipes adman Stack, who by now has given up his watchdog mission as a bad job and yielded to Richards' impulsive spirit. "I've just slipped and broke my leg. You'll have to carry me along with the scientific equipment."

"It's all right, Billy. I've been doing some eugenic exercises, which have made me strong, and plus that, I had my Seitaehw this morning, which is Wheaties spelled backwards. We gotta hurry, Billy. Football practice starts next week."

And so, with a giddy Jack Stack in tow, Richards wings out of Cleveland, landing in Erie in the laps of a welcoming committee from the Sales and Marketing Executives Club. On the fringe of the committee stands an attractive little black-haired woman who clearly carries a burden on her mind. She explains that a crisis exists at Fairview High, which is located in a prosperous suburb. "It's really serious," says the black-haired woman, whose name is Joanne. Would the Reverend Bob *please* speak to the student body the next morning? Shoring up her appeal, Joanne points out that she eats Wheaties constantly.

"I've got to drive to Grove City, Pa. tomorrow," Richards hedges. (Earlier in the day, at the Louisville airport coffee shop, he had done an imitation of high school audiences, screwing his face into a sour expression and sprawling indolently in his chair. "The hardest audience in the world is a high school audience," he said. "They look at you as if to say, 'O.K., Buster, move me. I'm here because I have to be.' ") Richards tells Joanne he'll see if he can arrange the Fairview appearance, and then he speeds off to the local YMCA for a workout.

The Erie sales executives and their ladies, convening at the Kahkwa Country Club that evening, emerge as a stylishly dressed, sophisticated group. But even though one tipsy gentleman heckles Richards ("We luv ya, Reverend," he calls out from his table), Richards sweeps up his chic audience and transports it to new peaks of motivation, after which the dinner chairman tells the audience, "We have been in the presence of one of the great human beings of our time." Erie is a smash success, except that first thing the next morning Joanne phones to renew her plea.

Richards finally consents to speak at Fairview High, but at breakfast he says, "You see, the thing about this is that one speech does no good on this kind of problem. You've got to get with these kids for a while and work with them and play with them to accomplish anything."

Joanne, who has been combating child vice in Fairview as a member of a group called the Parent Action Club, briefs Richards en route to the school in her station wagon. "Our program, our approach to these children," she says, "is, 'Look, you can't run for President on LSD. You can't be President on an LSD campaign.' "

"That's pretty good," Richards says. "Why don't you give the speech?"

"I have a confession to make," Joanne says, lowering her eyelids demurely. "I don't really eat Wheaties."

"No wonder you're so short," Richards snaps.

From the stage of the school auditorium, Richards regales a packed hall of 700 children with stirring sports stories interlaced with jokes and admonishes them to make something of themselves. Astutely, he barely mentions the problem at hand. The entire audience hangs on every word, the little junkies and elbow benders indistinguishable from the rest. Richards gets a roaring standing

ovation. Jack Stack, driving him on to Grove City in a rental car, holds forth rapturously over the big Fairview reception until he is distracted by a flatbed truck up ahead carrying a huge, cone-shaped load under canvas. "You suppose that's a missile?" Stack wonders.

"No," says Richards. "That's the dope they just hauled out of Fairview."

Pressing on into Pennsylvania, Richards is bound for Grove City College, a Presbyterian institution whose students he will address. He gazes at the countryside, dismal on a sunless day, and is preoccupied by memories of his early speaking days when he cut his teeth working before high school audiences in small towns. "I know all these towns around here—New Wilmington, New Brighton, Beaver Falls, Rochester. I'll betcha no person in America has been in more communities than I have." Indeed, at a roadside lunch counter minutes later, a stout, gray-haired customer looks up and, recognizing the Reverend Bob, says, "Do you still go to the high schools?"

"No, sir," Richards replies. "I decided to save the salesmen. But today I'm going down to Grove City to save the Presbyterians from the abyss of a flaming Hell." Settling jovially into the car once more, he idly sings a tune: "You'll find your life will begin/The very moment you're in/Ar-gen-tina . . ."

The gray midafternoon sky casts a shroud of gloom over the route, but suddenly Richards claps his hands, and the savage smile, teeth gleaming, lights up his face. "You know what's funny?" he cries. "These colleges have an arrangement whereby the Government provides them money for visiting speakers, so each time I arrive at a college the Government, in a way, is giving me $1,000, and then I give $600 back in taxes. I go on to the next college and the Government gives me another $1,000, and I give another $600 back." Jubilant over his ironic discovery, the Reverend Bob advances into Grove City, where the college athletic director, Jack Behringer, provides him with a basketball uniform and an empty gym for a workout.

Shooting baskets and retrieving the shots himself, Richards delivers an interview on the subject of his $75,000-a-year Wheaties job. "Frankly, I feel I'm underpaid," he shouts. "I feel anyone else would ask for more, but I don't think the money's the primary consideration. If it hadn't been for the opportunity to motivate kids," he cries, going in for a layup, "I wouldn't be interested in the job." And he blows the layup. "I've watched the other commercials and, hell, there's none better than ours. These yum-yum cereals with their tigers growling! Ours are done with dignity and sincerity. This basket's not up right. You can't put the ball in. When they hired me it was public service. How else could you use me? Why didn't they go to Zsa Zsa Gabor?"

Now Richards is running laps, breathing hard, but his voice belts across the gymnasium, echoing off the walls, as he replies to churchmen who have criticized *him for going commercial. "I don't have* any conscience pangs about taking money from General Mills," he hollers, "because everybody in this country is taking money in some way from corporations. At the same time, I have not taken one penny from any church since I signed with General Mills, and I don't intend to." Richards pounds up a flight of stairs to a weight-lifting room, still defending himself at a trot. "I know some preachers who make 25 a year, and that's three times what other preachers are making. I'm making three times what *they're* making, so what's the difference? And after the Government takes its end, those $25,000 preachers and I are even."

His back arched as he presses 175 pounds, Richards grunts his words. "I haven't bled the public for one cent. I haven't asked a church for anything. Listen, if they're gonna accuse me of commercialism, they'll have to accuse Billy Graham, Norman Vincent Peale, Oral Roberts, a lot of guys who make way more than me. Why, there are evangelists making half a million, maybe a million a year," Richards declares, setting down the barbell and attacking a heavy bag, "and they don't pay taxes on their money."

Thirty minutes later, showered and

continued

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COOL ONE!



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New! Refreshing FROST LIME in your shave, too!
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FROST LIME SHAVE
for a silicone-smooth shave!





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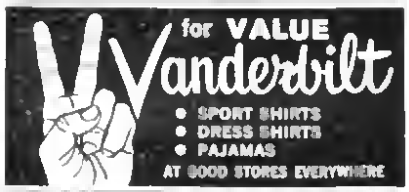
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In case after case doctors proved, while gently relieving pain and itching, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

The answer is *Preparation H®*—there is no other formula like it for hemorrhoids. Preparation H also soothes inflamed, irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. In ointment or suppository form.





They Cheer (continued)

outfitted in his Wheaties Sports Federation jacket, Richards is led by Athletic Director Behringer to dinner at the Penn-Grove Hotel, where the president of the college, Dr. J. Stanley Harker, stops by his table to welcome him. "I'm sure we're going to hear a splendid speech tonight," says Dr Harker, a stubby, red-faced man.

"Well, don't expect too much, the money you Presbyterians pay," Richards replies, deadpan.

"I thought you said you never take money from a church," Jack Behringer butts in.

"Yes, that's right," Richards fires back, "but I don't consider the Presbyterians a church."

Dr. Harker exits laughing, beet red. Soon after, Richards rises from the table, invigorated by his workout and dinner, ready to go to work motivating for the fourth straight night. He detests the endless travel his work necessitates. He's had nights when he has awakened in a strange motel and wondered what town he was in. He is not permitted the luxury of being sick. ("You can't cancel," he says, "It's unbelievable, the trouble it causes.") With Uncle Sam banging him for the lion's share of his income, the only thing that keeps him going, he says, is the conviction that his message of inspiration is reaching people. He fondly recalls a man stopping him in the lobby of an Indianapolis hotel and saying, "Mr. Richards, you once gave a speech at the penitentiary and because of what you said, I'm on the outside today."

He realizes that at 42 he hasn't many years left as the man who demonstrates that Wheaties makes muscles. "I'm wrinkled, I'm crinkled," he says. But he hopes Wheaties will value his inspirational qualities sufficiently to convert him into a Knute Rockne image. Meanwhile, for a few years at least, the nation remains his pulpit, and so he must go on.

Now, leaving the dining room of the Penn-Grove Hotel, bound for yet another speech, the Reverend Bob glances down at his gray flannel Wheaties jacket and says, "This thing's harder to get out of than a chastity belt." **END**

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Johnnie Walker Red

(THE SMOOTH SCOTCH)

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Two weeks ago BOSTON (5-1) star Carl Yastrzemski visited a TV station to see if a close look at reruns of his 1967 hitting would help break a slump. Since then, Yaz, who hit .333 last week, has raised his season's average 67 points and moved into fourth in the batting race. That was enough to make a believer of benched First Baseman George Scott, who was averaging 111. He watched a few replays of his own '67 form and then promptly took off on a spree (.375 BA for the week) which helped the Red Sox run up seven straight wins and jump from sixth to fourth. CHICAGO (5-1) showed signs of last year's pennant-contending form, too. Starter Joe Horlen won his third straight and Tommy John his fourth, with Wilbur Wood and Hoyt Wilhelm also winning once each on strong relief performances. The Indians' Luis Tiant had his shutout streak stopped at four, but CLEVELAND (4-2) quickly found a new hero in Stan Williams, who blanked the Orioles on two hits. DETROIT (4-2) got few hits (.251 team BA for the week) but used them wisely. Willie Horton knocked two homers to win one game, Jim Northrup belted a ninth-inning grand slam to take another and Gates Brown pinch-hit a single in the eighth to win a third. Slumping Rick Reichardt (.250 BA) joined this year's parade of disappointed hitters who have sought help from the eye doctor. The CALIFORNIA (2-2) slugger ordered new glasses and, as soon as he became accustomed to them, collected two hits which figured in both runs of a 2-1 Angels victory. BALTIMORE (2-4) twice wasted five-hit pitching and dropped to third. The fall could have been worse, but Boog Powell and Curt Motton slugged two three-run homers each in the wins. MINNESOTA (2-2) was rained out three times and probably wished it had happened even more often. The Twins blew a five-run lead in one loss and failed to support Dave Boswell's five-hit pitching in another. WASHINGTON's (2-5) hitters scored 27 runs but that was not enough to balance out the Senators' shaky pitching, which gave up 35 runs and twice failed to hold early leads. Heavy hitting by Roy White (.400 BA for the week) and Andy Kosco (10 RBIs) could not keep NEW YORK (1-4) from dropping into the cellar. The Yanks lost one game in which they had a six-run lead and another when Tom Tresh committed three errors in one inning. OAKLAND (1-5) had only one strong pitching performance all week, and that came from Jim Nash, who pitched a 10-inning three-hitter and still lost, 1-0.

Standings: Det 22-12, Clev 20-14, Balt 18-16, Bos 18-16, Minn 18-16, Chi 15-17, Cal 16-19, Oak 15-20, Wash 15-20, NY 14-21

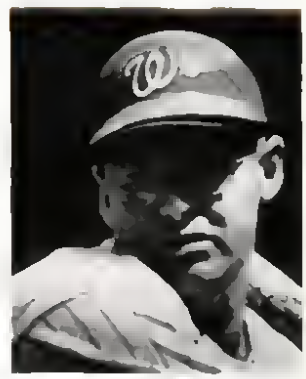
NATIONAL LEAGUE

With slugging Third Baseman Jim Ray Hart out with an injury, SAN FRANCISCO (5-2) Manager Herman Franks was forced to put rookie Frank Johnson into the starting lineup. Johnson made the best of his chance, using his first big league homer to gain the victory that started his team on a four-game win streak. Those victories helped move the Giants into a close battle for the league lead with the slumping Cards. Stepping into a challenging position right up with the two leaders, ATLANTA (5-1) again relied on sharp pitching, particularly by rookie Ron Reed, who ran his record to 5-0 with two complete game wins, and Phil Niekro, who threw a three-hitter. CINCINNATI's (4-2) Vada Pinson hit .400 for the week, broke one Reds' hitting record and tied another with the 319th double and 1,784th hit of his career, sparking the Reds on an advance from sixth to fifth. After starting the week with two losses, PHILADELPHIA (3-2) turned on the Cards and took three in a row from the league leaders. Woody Fryman put the Phils on the winning track with a 1-0, five-hit victory. In 1967 CHICAGO (5-3) was shut out only six times, a figure the Cubs have already topped this season after three times failing to score in games last week. The main culprits were Lou Johnson and Adolfo Phillips, who combined to go 0-43 at the plate and were out of the starting lineup the day the Cubs broke their slump with 10 runs against the Giants. NEW YORK (3-4), with slugger Ron Swoboda in a nose dive (.148 BA for the week), could score only 13 runs, but the Mets' pitching was strong enough to lift the club from the cellar. Don Drysdale found the secret of winning for LOS ANGELES (3-5). The big righthander finally managed to even his season's record at 3-3 by pitching two 1-0 shutouts and allowing only seven hits in 18 innings. ST. LOUIS (2-4) scored seven runs and batted .205 in a costly slump that chopped the Cards' league lead to one game after they began the week by opening up a four-game edge. The Pirates, except for Matty Alou's .421 BA for the week, were slumping, too, and for them it was even more costly. PITTSBURGH (1-5) scored 11 runs all week and dropped six places in the standings to eighth. HOUSTON (2-5) found life on the road miserable, as usual. The Astros dropped back to 10th after three consecutive losses in Candlestick Park, where they have a 3-32 record since the 1964 season.

Standings: StL 20-14, SF 20-16, Atl 20-16, Phil 17-15, Cin 16-17, Chi 19-19, LA 17-20, Pitt 15-18, NY 15-20, Hou 15-20

HIGHLIGHT

With the combined average for American League hitters down to .223, it was no wonder they were all bug-eyed last week at the feats of the Senators' Frank Howard. The 6' 7", 260-pound Howard had 10 homers and 17 RBIs in a six-game hitting binge that matched his Bunyanesque size and provoked some awestruck comments like these from the Detroit Tigers. Pitcher Joe Sparma, who gave up one of Howard's homers, said, "He always was good for 30 home runs anyway, but this year he's clobbering my best pitches. I think he'll hit 70." "No," contradicted Outfielder Jim Northrup, "he'll hit 75." These startling predictions were made for a batter whose lifetime average is .274, who has never hit more than 37 home runs in one season and who has not led any league in anything since he left the Class-B Green Bay Bluejays in 1958. But in 1968 Howard has already built big leads in the three major hitting categories with a .347 average, 17 homers and 34 runs driven in. The Senators' slugger was not visibly impressed by his own deeds. "All I'm trying to do is get three good cuts each time up. I haven't changed my swing, and I don't kid myself—I'm a streak hitter and I'm hot." Last week Howard was so hot he broke records in bunches, tying the mark for most homers in four games, then setting new ones for five and six games. All that slugging, which included one drive which went over the 82-foot-high left-field roof in Detroit, also put him in range of Rudy York's record of 18 homers in a month. Howard already had 13 for May with 12 games remaining. And, it might not stop there. He was 13 games ahead of Roger Maris' record pace the year he hit 61.



RATS' HOWARD: SETS HOMER RECORD

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

EQUESTRIAN Three-day-event rider chosen for the U.S. Olympic Pan-des Nations jumping squad: BILL STEINKRAUS of Norfolk, Conn., who has been on the previous Olympic squad; FRANK CHAPOT of Millbrook, N.Y., who has competed in three Olympics; Chapot's wife, the former MARY MAIRS; and KATHY KUSNER of Manhasset, Md. Both women will ride in the 1964 team.

GOLF BILLY CASPER of Pedernk Gap, Calif. shot a final-round 68 to finish with a 72-hole total of 275 and a five-stroke victory over Gene Littler in the Colonial National Invitation in Fort Worth.

HANDBALL BILLY YAMBRICK of St. Paul won the senior men's National AAU four-wall singles championship, beating Buzz Shumate of Dallas 21-10, 21-13 in the New York AC.

HARNESS RACING FLAMBOYANT (*$2.80*) with Billy Haughton at the reins won the $100,000 Hilltop Trot at Yonkers in 1¾ lengths over Dazzling Speed.

HORSE RACING FORWARD PASS ($4.20) finished six lengths in front of Out of the Way to win the $195,200 Preakness at Pimlico as Damascus Image finishing third was again disqualified (*page 28*).

DR. FAGER ($4.40), racing for the first time on the West Coast, was brought home by Braulio Baeza in a three-length win over Kissin George in the $119,600 California Stakes at Hollywood Park.

LACROSSE JOHNS HOPKINS won the national championship by defeating Maryland 10-8 in Baltimore (*page 59*).

MOTOR SPORTS JOE LEONARD of San Jose, Calif. won the pole position and Englishman Graham Hill the No. 2 spot at the qualifying trials for the Indianapolis 500 (*page 24*). Both Leonard, who set qualifying records for one lap (171.953) and four laps (171.559), and Hill drove turbine-powered Lotuses owned by Andy Granatelli.

VIC ELFORD of Great Britain and JO SIFFERT of Switzerland drove a Porsche to first place in the 1,000 kilometers of Nürburgring race in Adenau, Germany. Their victory, which was achieved with a record average speed of 95.06 mph, crippled with a second-place finish by another Porsche clinched the world auto manufacturers' championship for Porsche.

ROWING WASHINGTON, leading from the start, finished a length ahead of both Stanford and UCLA at the Western Sprint Regatta in Seattle.

SOCCER WEST BROMWICH ALBION won the English Football Association Cup, defeating Everton 1-0 when Jeff Astle scored from 12 yards out after 2½ minutes of overtime play.

NASL: Home teams had all the better of it, winning eight games, losing two and having three [illegible]. KANSAS CITY took the lead from Houston by one point in the Gulf Division of the Western Conference. There were 10,362 fans in Kansas City to see the Spurs score four times in the first half. Twice on shots by Manfred Rummel—in a 4-1 win over Detroit—HOUSTON lost its long game. ST. LOUIS had a loss and a tie, and DALLAS dropped two. In the Pacific Division, OAKLAND shied SAN DIEGO's first place lead to 11 points. Oakland beat last place VANCOUVER 1-0, San Diego lost to third place LOS ANGELES 1-0 and then the top two clubs collided. San Diego went ahead on Oakland's 2-0 at half time on Pepe Fernandez' 12th and 13th goals, giving him a league-leading total of 28 points. The Clippers tied the game late in the second half and, with 3:20 left, Olaf Muth made good on a penalty kick to give Oakland a 3-2 win. For the first time in the league's brief existence a game was cut short because of bad weather. This was an Eastern Conference contest between Atlanta Division leader ATLANTA and second-place NEW YORK. The game, played in Atlanta, wound up 1-1 when heavy rain and ankle-deep mud forced officials to call a halt after 70 minutes 20 minutes ahead of schedule. Earlier in the week, Atlanta had beaten Boston 4-1, and New York after a loss to Toronto, had defeated St. Louis 4-0. In that 4-0 win, George Kirby, *the Generals' leading scorer a year ago*, got his first two goals of the season. At week's end Atlanta led the division by 12 points. A WASHINGTON player scored a goal for Boston when he accidently deflected a corner kick into his own goal, but the third-place Whips stumbled back for a 3-2 victory. BOSTON, which also lost to Atlanta, fell into last place as BAL-TIMORE advanced to fourth [illegible] routing Houston 3-1 and Dallas 3-0. CHICAGO moved into the lead in the Lakes Division as John Kowalik put in four goals during the Mustangs' 6-1 win over Dallas. That gave the Mustangs a total of 39 points, five better than CLEVELAND, which played one, ne- DETROIT lost one, and TORONTO, playing for the first time in 16 days, defeated New York 3-2.

TENNIS *Fourth seeded* TOM OKKER *of The Netherlands upset* Bob Hewitt *of South Africa* 10-8, 6-8, 6-4, 3-6, 6-0 *to win the Italian men's singles title in Rome. In an all-Australian women's final* MRS. LESLEY TURNER BOWREY *beat* Mrs. Margaret Smith Court 2-6, 6-3, 6-3.

ROD LAVER, after dropping the opening set of the finale to Ken Rosewall, came back to win 6-3, 9-7, 6-3 at the Madison Square Garden. $30,000 professional tournament. Laver's cut of the purse came to $7,000. Britain's MRS. ANN HAYDON JONES earned $2,200 in the women's competition by upsetting Mrs. Billie Jean King, 6-4, 6-4.

WRESTLING In the windup of Olympic eliminations bouts at Ames, Iowa, JESS LEWIS of Corvallis, Ore. became the only double winner. Lewis scored pins in the 213.5 pound class, added a first-period finish in Greco-Roman wrestling to his earlier victory in freestyle. Other winners in the Greco-Roman competition were: DICK TAMBLE of Alamosa, Colo., 114.5 pound class; DAVE BAZEWINKEL of Cedar Rapids, Minn., 125.5; JIM BAZEWINKEL, Dave's twin brother, 138.5; WERNER HOLZER of Des Plaines, Ill., 154; BOB ANDERSON of Santa Monica, Calif., 171.5; WAYNE BAUGHMAN of Colorado Springs, Colo., 191.5; and Heavyweight BOB ROLLP of Carbondale, Ill. The eight winners, plus the runners up and a few others who missed the tournament but medical reasons, will compete in a final round of matches in Alamosa, Colo. late this summer to determine who will compete in the Olympics.

MILEPOSTS AWARDED: The Conn Smythe Trophy for the most valuable player in the National Hockey League's Stanley Cup playoffs to Goalie GUENN HALL, 36, of the St. Louis Blues. Hall played all 1,092 minutes of the Blues' 18 playoff games, eight of which went into overtime, and had a 2.47 goals-against average.

NAMED: As coach of the U.S. Davis Cup team, DENNIS RALSTON, 25, a former Davis Cup player who turned professional 1½ years ago. Ralston represented the U.S. in Davis Cup competition from 1960 through 1966 and had a 14-5 record in singles play and an 11-4 record in doubles.

NAMED: As head basketball coach at Harvard, BOB HARRISON, 40, whose teams at Kenyon College compiled a 91-120 record during the past decade. Harrison was twice named to the Big 10 All-Star team when he played center at Michigan and played for nine years in the NBA with Minneapolis, Syracuse and St. Louis.

NAMED: As athletic director at Sacramento (Calif.) State College, FRED LEWIS, 47, the head basketball coach at Syracuse (his record: 191-57 record).

NAMED: As special pitching coach and scout for the Seattle Pilots, who will play in the American League next season, SAL MAGLIE, 51, who had a 119-62 record during his major league career with the Giants, Indians, Dodgers, Yankees and Cardinals (SI, April 15). Maglie lost his job as pitching coach of the Boston Red Sox at the end of last season.

TRADED: Quarterback BILL NELSEN, 27, and Defensive Back JIM BRADSHAW, 29, by the Pittsburgh Steelers to the Cleveland Browns for Quarterback DICK SHINER, 25, Defensive Tackle FRANK PARKER, 28, and a high draft choice.

REPLACED: As track and field coach by the Kenya AAA, British JOHN VELZIAN, 40 (SI, Dec. 19, 1966), whose job was handed over to former Kenya Olympic Team Manager Charley Mukora. KAAA President Charles Mbathi said: "I know that there have been rumors that Velzian has been dropped because he is a white man, but this is not true."

RETIRED: ETHAN ALLEN, 64, the baseball coach at Yale for 23 years during which time his teams had 327 wins, 318 losses and 15 ties. Allen was a major league outfielder from 1926 through 1938 with the Reds, Giants, Cardinals, Phillies, Cubs and Browns and had a lifetime batting average of .300.

CREDITS

18 Bud Nemeth; 19–21 [illegible]; 22, 23 Ray DeCarava; 24, 25 [illegible]; 29 [illegible]; 32, 34—Herb S. Swedroe; 42 [illegible]; 56 AP; 59 Walter Iooss Jr.; 68—John [illegible]; 74 AP; 75 UP; AP; 77 Sheedy & [illegible]; 89 W[illegible]; 90 Harold Wm. Florida Cypress Gardens.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MARK WATERBURY, 8, of St. Petersburg, Fla., ran two exhibition miles at college track meets in 6:22.4 and 6:35.0. The 4' 2", 43-pounder runs four miles every morning, sometimes with one of his four brothers, and hopes to own the mile world record some day.



CLARENCE WILLIAMSON, an outfielder at North Carolina A&T, stole nine bases second, third and home, three times each, in a 25-1 win over Winston-Salem State. In his next game Williamson stole five more to raise his total to 28, tops for NCAA small colleges.



MRS. FRANCES L. POPE, who was named to the Women's All-American Skeet Shooting Team for 1968, won both the Ladies' Florida State and the Southeastern Championships at Jacksonville in 28 gauge with a score of 96 and .410 gauge with a 92.



FRITZ HOBBS, a junior at Harvard, played on the school's national championship squash team last winter, winning 10 of 11 matches, and is currently on the undefeated varsity heavyweight crew. In Hobbs's two seasons at stroke, the Crimson eight has won 13 races.



DIANA HOGLUND, of Union, N.J., won the Junior Chamber of Commerce tournament for six straight years and recently took the Union County (N.J. Junior Bowling Association) All-Star Tournament with a 571 three-game series. Diana's average is 167.



JIMMY NIX, of Oklahoma City, took the top fuel-elimination title in the World Fuel and Gas Drag Championships in his home town, defeating 1966 Champion Pete Robinson in the semifinals and Bennie Osborn in the finals with an elapsed time of 7.13 seconds.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TEST CASE

Sirs

Where is there any justice in disqualifying Dancer's Image on the basis of a urine test only to award the Derby to a horse that did not take a similar test (*It Was a Bitter Pill*, May 20)? How do we know what was or wasn't in Forward Pass's system?

DAVID B JONES

Wilmington, Del

● The Kentucky Racing Commission has now ruled that in all future stake races the first three finishers and a fourth horse, chosen by lot, will be tested —ED.

Sirs

I am sure that there are few people who are unaware of the fact that this year's Derby winner has been disqualified. Yet thousands of racing fans have been cheated. Churchill Downs is free and clear. It just pays the same purse to different people.

Let's have prerace testing at all major races in the future. Post-race tests take far too long—and they don't protect the bettor. Without the bettor, racing is dead. Prerace testing is not impossible or unfeasible. It has been done at one Ohio track for the past two years.

Racing is a great sport. But a few more incidents such as the one at this year's Derby and the public's confidence will be completely destroyed.

JIM TUCKER

Cincinnati

Sirs

First Roberto de Vicenzo and now Dancer's Image! Is 1968 the year of the Grand Illusion?

C T FULLER

Catasauqua, Pa

INFIELD VIEW

Sirs

I thought you might be interested in an excerpt from a letter my daughter wrote about the Kentucky Derby. Each year SI describes it in all its social and traditional aspects. This, I think, is a charming and hilarious insight into another facet.

"Due to a mix-up we found ourselves in the infield and a veritable zoo. The founders of the Kentucky Derby would cringe in their gentlemanly graves, could they have seen the spectacle. There were 100,000 there, 'everybody who wasn't anybody,' according to a columnist. We just picked our way among the bodies. Everyone was drinking mint juleps. Most were stoned, having been there since the first morning race. They were in various states of undress, some were sunburned to a purple shade, chicken bones were rampant and you could see about five feet of track if you could stand upright between the sleepers and debris. Pictures would have been priceless—silver wigs, gold wigs, a lavender silk outfit with hot-pink accessories, a bared shoulder here and there.

"At post time everyone who could, stood. The hippies yelled the Anthem, and police with three-foot-long sticks strolled among the crowd—one old man just sat there chewing on his fried chicken. When the horses went off we never heard the P.A. system and didn't know who won until five minutes after the race. The romantic picture of Southern gentility has been shattered!"

So, SI, maybe you'd better look it over from another angle and tell it like it is—for some!

KITTY WATSON

Orange, Texas

OUT OF THE BRICKYARD

Sirs!

Your article on Andy Granatelli and his turbine racing car (*I've Got the Car Right Here*, May 13) is a tribute to a dedicated gentleman of auto racing. But I believe it is also a tribute to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, one of only a few sporting magazines to give any worthwhile coverage of racing. I have been a big advocate of this sport for quite a few years, and it pleases me to know that someone is giving racing the coverage and exposure that is sorrowfully needed. Both Granatelli and SI are to be commended for their efforts to further the public awareness of and interest in this great sport.

FRED CARZOLI

Appleton, Wis

Sirs

Andy's account of the time he went on his head at Indy in 1948 is one of the most hilarious things I have read. However, there was one momentous occurrence that you passed over too lightly. That is Spider Webb's performance in the 1948 race. You recount that when Wilbur Shaw said, "Gentlemen, start your engines," Spider's wouldn't, and you let it go at that. The official statistics of the 1948 race show that Spider Webb completed 27 laps and finished ahead of six other cars that did not last even that long.

Blasted away from the starting grid, no doubt, by the sulfurous language of the irate Granatelli brothers, Spider Webb apparently accomplished the greatest feat of drafting in the history of auto racing. He deserves more recognition than you gave him.

HOWARD GARDNER

Spring Valley, Calif

BASEBALL, ANYONE?

Sirs

You may term Lee Wilson a kook for coming up with ideas to change baseball and football (*A Fast Pitch for a Faster Game*, May 13), but, in all candor, we must all be kooks. What fan doesn't feel as though he can offer suggestions to speed up or streamline these events? I, too, have felt that way, about baseball in particular. Curiously, baseball, a sport more than 100 years old, has had fewer alterations than many games with less vintage.

Here's my pet plan. As with football, why not present a defensive and offensive lineup? Why should fans pay major league prices to see a batter up at the plate with less ability than someone sitting on the bench only because he fields a ball better? Conversely, why watch a lumbering elephant chase a fly ball while a gazelle lolls in the dugout? Baseball should present its best, offensively and defensively. It would make for more exciting and better-played games. In addition, it would extend the careers of the Mantles and Mayses because they would be able to hang around another two or three years as batters only.

But in spite of Lee Wilson and thousands like him, the baseball moguls in their ivory towers are so steeped in tradition that to think they will ever make any major changes in the game is pure folly.

JAMES F GISMONDI

Uniontown, Pa

Sirs

Re Lee Wilson: Get your tongues out of your cheeks. The man makes sense!

NELSON M HOFFMAN
Dean, Florida Southern College

Lakeland, Fla

Sirs

A magazine with the dignity of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED should not allow an author like Lee Wilson to write a word in it. The very idea of changing the format of baseball is ridiculous. Three-set baseball is absurd.

FELIX DINIELLI

Bronx, N Y

FIGHTING PICTURES

Sirs

I've always felt that modern fighters had it on the oldtimers. But your attempt to solve this old controversy (cherished in many a pub) on the basis of some isolated camera shots (*Reminiscent, Reliable and Revealing*, April 22) is rather weak on evidence, and it is a great injustice to your young readers.

Now the oldtimers will have to dig up some awkward shots of Pep, Robinson,

continued



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A lesson from a great pro, a look at the country's finest courses—in color; previews of the big tournaments and a chat with the winner, Gary Player's strategy, Billy Casper's diet, Arnold Palmer's "come back", one of the best reasons in the world for digging out your clubs or practicing your swing.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Louis and Marciano, and around and around we go again.

ROBERT GUMM
Jersey City

Sirs:

Your revealing article and pictures of the heavyweight fighters of the old days no doubt prove the poor quality of fighters in that era of the past.

I know every fact and every detail about the heavyweight boxing champions from John L. Sullivan to Cassius Clay. I've seen all the greats of the heavyweight division in action, men such as Jeffries, Johnson, Dempsey, Tunney, Louis, Marciano and Clay. I've noticed through the years that the fighters have greatly improved in their styles *and boxing techniques. James J. Jeffries had* no defense, he could only punch. Jack Johnson developed defensive fighting, such as getting out of range of a blow by throwing his head back (a technique used by Cassius Clay), the lost art of feinting, catching a blow in midair and throwing the left jab when retreating. Johnson was a master boxer of his time, but today he would be nothing of the sort.

Dempsey had a good left hook and would hull into his opponent, flailing away at the body until he saw an opening for the jaw. Jack was a fast starter and would throw caution to the wind, unloading all his bombs in the first few rounds. Today, however, if Clay faced Dempsey in a match he would dance and circle Jack, spearing him with darting lefts to the face. Dempsey would slow down after eight rounds (which he always did if he hadn't stopped his opponent by then) and Clay would cut him to pieces!

Tunney was the beginning of what we would term the modern boxer, yet, through the years there have been other boxers who were just as good as or better than Tunney. Fighters like Charles, Walcott and Patterson were all excellent boxers who continued to be great fighters even when they were well past the age of 30.

The last three remaining great fighters were Louis, Marciano and Clay. They belong in a class all their own. Louis was a smashing puncher to the jaw and could box to a fair degree. Marciano was a crippling body banger who could also punch hard to the jaw. Rocky was also a smart fighter who could adjust himself to all sorts of boxing styles, overcome all obstacles and emerge the winner. Clay is the best boxer in all heavyweight history. His speed is incredible for one his size. He throws punches in bunches and can cut up his opponent just with his jab. Yet, despite Cassius' bulk, he is not a great puncher. The reason for this is simply that Cassius doesn't need to pattern himself after a puncher.

PAUL MEDLEY
Hespeler, Ont.

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